THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY OCTOBER 22, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1682.

Choice Poetry.

THE LATEST HERO.

BY J. W. P.

Which is the latest hero, Fame?
Conduct him higher. Bid him stand
Pre-eminent. Announce his name
To fill the plaudits of the land.
Laurels or bays await him here,
And a proud shaft. Let him appear!

Not *this* whose very sword was wrought
Of some poor captive's chafing gyves,
Whose baronry of rank was bought
With a whole host of humble lives.
No, never be our offerings toss'd
On his unhallowed holocaust!

Nor *this*, whose cultivated guile
Hath earned him pensions, pride, and place,
Betraying with a royal smile,
Cajoling with a courtier's grace.
Laurels and bays arrive too late
To bind him fast, and save the State.

Spare us your poet, Fame, who fits
"The times" with purchaseable lyre,
Complacent patrons warm their wits
And yawn at his celestial fire.
To him high thoughts are but machines,
And bays more marketable greens.

A judge? Oh, anything but that!
No matter how his clients *fare*
So that his frequent fees be fat,
And he his lazy ermine wear.
No columns can his office claim,
Himself a monument of shame.

Lo, who comes next? genteelly meek,
In elegant humility?
"The preacher," like his sermon, weak,
And, like his sermon, "vanity."
No wreath *his* polished brow adorns;
Spare him those unbecoming *thorns*.

At last, at last! the Upright Man,
With Truth's wise tongue and Faith's clear eye,
Meting his labor by Life's span,
Prepared at once to live or die:
Laurels and bays await him here,
For him a monument uprear.

—*National Intelligencer.*

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

OLD ABISHAG DEMONSTRATES GEOGRAPHY.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all she knew.
—*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

"Aunt Abishag, did you know the world was round?" asked Maud, coming into the kitchen one evening when the old woman was getting tea.

Maud was certainly born a missionary and teacher, for no sooner had any great truth come to her knowledge, than she hastened to communicate it with the pleasure it gave her to some one else, that they too might participate in her learning and her delight. As yet her labors in this line lay only among the colored people of the family, and the degree of her success among those too old to learn may be readily estimated. For instance, when her first lesson in geography was over, Maud sprung up, put away her books, and whisked through the door beside her corner of the fire-place, into the kitchen to enlighten old Aunt Abishag. The kitchen fire-place was back to back with the parlor fire-place, and there stood Abishag, frying pan-cakes for supper, when the child broke in upon her with—

"Aunt Abishag, do you know the earth is round?"

"It's—*which*?" asked the old body, pausing in her work to listen.

"Round, Aunt Abby; do you know the earth is round?"

"Dat dere de newest news you'se got for to tell me? Couldn' think what de debbil mare's nes' yer done gone foun' in da lyin' books *now*, to put a 'stonishment on to an' ole 'oman wid! And dat's it, is it? De yeth's roun'!"

"Yes, but did *you* know it before, Aunt Abishag?—*I* didn't."

"Tshaw! Dunno whar yer eyes at den! Whar yer tink *mine* at not to see the yeth's roun'? What should it be—square? Pah! teach yer granny! *Any*body ken see it's roun'—fling der eyes roun' de horrysen—jes as roun' as a—as a pancake," cried Abishag, contemptuously, as she dexterously tossed the cake into the pan.

"Oh! but stop, I didn't mean *that*, Aunt Abby! The earth is not round, like a pancake, aunty—*that* would be thin and flat—the earth is round like a ball or an orange."

"Like *which*?"

"Like an apple or an orange."

"Or a tater or a mattus! Oh! go 'long way from here, Miss Silvy, wid yer 'fernal foolery! De yeth roun' like an orange! I 'clare to my 'Vine Marster, of it ain't right down sinful an' temptin' o' de debbil to stan' here an' listen to you dem 'fernal book lies! Yeth roun' like an orange! when eberybody wid brains as isn't sassage meat, know well nuff ef de yeth wor roun', it would be eberlastin' doin' nuffin 'tall but rollin' about like a trap-ball. Den whar we-dem be?"

"But the earth *does really* roll around, aunty! that's just what it *does do*. The earth is always rolling around and around, and on and on in its orbit around the sun for ever and ever!"

"Whe-ee-ew! Dar! let me, let me 'cover of my breaf, arter dat!"

"Why, Aunt Abby, I'm sure it is not so incredible when one understands it," said Maud, a little abashed.

"Whar you read dat dere at—in some o' dem der 'fernal books?"

"Yes!"

"I trought so! I'm 'stonish at Miss Ellen lettin' you dem be was'in' o' yer precious time foolin' over dem der lyin' books, an' stuffin' yer heads chock full o' sich stakin', infunnelly trash!" said Abishag, wrathfully, giving her pan cake a perilous heave.

"But it is not trash, Aunt Abby, it is truth!"

"M——y! Lor'! An' yer doesn' b'lieve it! Yer ain't sich a fool as *dat*?"

"I *know* it, Aunt Abby!"

"Well, Lor'! child'n ain't half so cute as they were when *I* was a chile! When *I* wur a little gall o' yer age, no lyin', 'calvin,' sinful book as eber was writ, could o' made *me* b'leive sich 'fernal foolery. But den I won' be too hard on childen, for de fac' really was dat I wur an uncommon smart chile! But now, Miss Silvy, I don't wan't to see yer lead astray by dem der wicked, 'calvin' books, 'fore my Marster don't I, honey. Han' me dat dar 'tato dar, dat roun' one, honey. Dar! Now you set down here on dis here cricket, an' I'll 'monstrate it to yer, an' I'll strononstrate it to yer, as Marse Falcon say 'bout his tom foolery figurin'. You see—" said the old woman, holding up the potato daintily between her right fore-finger and thumb, laying the tip of her left fore-finger upon the rind. "You see, honey, dis 'tato is as roun' as you say de yeth is. Berry well. Now say dis tator is de *roun' yeth*, an dis yer grain o' coffee is *me*—(now pay 'tention, honey)—now I de grain o' coffee on de top o' de tator to propresent *me* on de face o' de yeth, now—(tend to my 'structions, honey)—now I turns de tator roun' wid de coffee, jes' as you say de yeth turn roun' with me, an'—dar! what I tell you! de coffee grain drep right off! Now, ain't dat stromonstrated to anybody's sassage-faction, dat ef de yeth was roun', and turned roun' wid me, I d fall off. An'—dar! where de name o' de Lor' I'd be? 'Sides which, wouldn' de rivers all run out as de yeth begin to turn over, same as me emptyin' a bucket o' water upside down? Tshaw! I wunners how you can listen to sich 'funnelly nonsense, widout not do fuss bit o' reason into it. Yeth turn roun' indeed! I reckon how it wur de man's head-piece dat made de lyin' jogfy as was turned roun'—not de poor, ole, innocent yeth, as is stood still in de same place eber since *I* know'd it, let what else *would* move! Rec'un ef it had o' turned, I'd o' know'd when I drapped off an' wan't nowhere!"

"Yes, but, Aunt Abby, you don't understand it at all. You must know that there is a principle or a quality, or whatever you might call it, at the centre of the earth, that holds us all on, that's the reason why things fall *down* instead of falling *up*."

"Fall *up*! Dat dere gall is done took leave o' her senses! Ef she keeps on readin' o' dem 'calvin' books, she'll be as crazy as a June bug tied to a string!"

"Now, Aunt Abishag, no I'm not. Just let me explain," said Maud, going forthwith into a simple lecture about all she knew of attraction of gravitation, which put the old pupil quite past her patience.

"Grab-it-ation! Well, Marster Lord! Dat dar's a 'vention past my gingernuity! But I knows it's a big lie as all de res', case, spose de yeth *did* hab a grab at my feet to hold me on by, how could I walk? 'Sides which, when de yeth got bottom upwards, even ef I wur a stickin' on by de grabit-ation o' de feet, wouldn' my *head* be hanging downwards! Den dar! What de name o' sense I de *dew*? Couldn' do a singly fing! Turn sick as a dog, know I should. Dar! now, you see it's all a false, widout any reason on to de very face ob it. I'se 'stonish at a little lady like you to be payin' 'tention to sich."

"Oh, dear me, aunty, *can't* I make you understand it? Why you see *this* is the way of it, the atmosphere goes along with the earth and us through the immensity of space, and therefore we are not conscious of its change of place, and as far as the position of the earth is concerned, we do not know up and down [illegible] ... And Maud, with great patience, went into an explanation of atmospheric pressure, which destroyed the last remnant of the old woman's forbearance—

"Go 'long, right 'traight out'n dis yer kitchen wid yerself, now go! Yer tires of me, an' gives me de headache! An' here's de fryin' pan got cold all 'long o' me stan'n' here foolin' my time away listenin' to yer sinkin', infunnelly trash! Clar out now! I ain't got another *minute* for yer! Go long wid yer! Else, please my Marster, I pick yer right up an' tote in to Miss Ellen."

And gentle Maud, for the present a little discouraged with her intractable pupil, returned to the parlor and consoled herself by watching her brother carving a cedar vase.

This failure did not hinder the little, self-constituted missionary from a similar effort, which was not more successful—this was an attempt on the part of the young reformer to convert her old servant from the evil habit of using profane language. And this was the way of it. Mr. Bill Ipsy had sent his neighbor, Mrs. O'Leary, a bundle of religious tracts. And Maud had picked out every one that contained a tale to read. Among the number she selected was a tract against profane swearing, where the text was illustrated by the story of a sinner who was addicted to that especial vice, and upon whose head fell a most awful judgment. Little Maud read the horrible story with perfect faith and profound interest. And she thought this tract "a marvellous proper" one to read to Old Aunt Abishag, and, indeed, to the whole family of colored folks, for all were more or less accustomed to indulge in profane swearing. So Maud waited until in the evening, after supper, when all the colored people were assembled around the kitchen fire at their night work. Old Abishag and Aunt Moll in opposite corners carding wool; and Big Len and Little Len occupying the front of the fire, and weaving baskets. So, leaving Mrs. O'Leary sewing, and Falconer sketching at the parlor table, Maud went into the kitchen and told the party there that she had something very interesting to read to them. All gladly made room for the welcome little visitor, and drawing a chair she sat down among them and commenced reading. The tale was heard with fixed attention and absorbing interest. It produced upon them the profound impression that tales of the marvellous have upon the simple and the ignorant. And upon none was the effect greater than upon Old Abishag, the sinner par-eminence, in this par[illegible]. She did not recover of the catastrophe for some minutes. She evidently dreaded such a judgment falling down some fine day upon her own head. And after sitting with her head sunk upon her clasped hands for some moments, anxious to avert the punishment, she exclaimed,

"I'll nebber, nebber swear a yeth agin as long as ebber I lib upon dis yeth. If I does I wish I may be ——!" bringing down her fist upon her knee with an oath that startled every single hearer from their seats. And this was not the only instance of self-deception in the old woman. It occurred again in another reformatory experiment of little Maud, which, by the way, ended so unluckily, that the little missionary fairly gave over her subject to reprobacy of mind. It happened upon the occasion of Maud's finding a tract upon the government of the temper, which she took into the kitchen to read to Abishag alone.

Now, as Abishag really had the quickest, most unreasonable temper in the world, perhaps, it followed, as a matter of course, that she could not bear the least allusion to this fault.—She was very touchy upon this point, indeed. Now, Abishag was honesty itself, and if any one had flatly accused her of stealing, she would have laughed at their ignorance; she was truth, and if any one had impugned her veracity, she would have treated the charge with contempt. But let her only imagine that any one doubted the perfect smoothness and equanimity of her temper—let her fancy that any one dared to hint it was not as sweet as sugar and as mild as milk and, look out for squalls!

Maud went into the kitchen, where she found her alone.

"Aunt Abby, I've got something very good and interesting to read to you."

"Yes, honey! is it as purty readin' as dat der 'bout swearin'?"

"It is better than that, aunty."

"Well, den, honey, s'posin' how you save it till dis ebenin', when we-dem gits our work roun' de fire?"

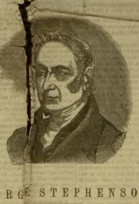
"No, Aunt Abishag, it is for you alone. I want you to hear it by yourself. *They* don't need it so much."

"Well, honey, read 'long, den, while I cards dese two l'ree bats o' wool."

And Maud commenced and read the tract. It told the sorrowful story of a young man who had indulged his ill-temper in childhood, in youth, and in maturity, until the early beset[ting] sin became totally ungoverned ... [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

THE GREAT RAILWAY ENGINEER.

We present our readers this [week with a por]trait of the late George Stephe[nson], whose high destiny it was (in the words of the London Daily News), to be the ma[in i]nstrument in effecting one of the greatest [re]volutions our revolutionary era has witnessed—[that] combination of the railway and the lo[comotive] engine to which Europe and Am[erica owe their] railway systems.

George Stephenson was born [at] the village of Wylam, on the banks of the Tyne, about nine miles West of Newcastle, [in] April, 1781; and at the time of his death, [in] 1848, was in his 68th year. His father was [a] workman at the Wylam Colliery, and he hi[mself] worked in the same humble way, having [bee]n sent into the pit at a very early age. [His a]dvancement was gradual, until his employ[ers became] aware of his great genius, when it w[illegible]

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

MISS BREMER'S IMPRESSIONS.

[We take the following notice of Miss Bremer's "Homes of the New World," from the London Literary Journal:]

[illegible] everything and everybody, so far as it was practicable. She is a most catholic traveller, and "cottons" with Shaker, Quaker, Mormon, Arian, or Trinitarian, if she can find but any good in him. She is catholic and tolerant where most ladies might be indulged in inflicting a gentle caning. She shut her eyes as well as she could on riding expectorators, fast feeders, and incandescent Democrats, and never quarrelled with bed or board, when she had good reason to do so. All the men in America are handsome—all the women lovely. The manes are lovely, the rivers are beautiful, the hills are grand, the institutions almost unexceptionable—she cannot get up a good grumble.

Miss Bremer lets us infer that she is on the shady side of forty, otherwise we should speculate on the extensive crop of jealousies she has sown in these volumes for the maids and matrons of America. She takes portraits of her entertainers for her private port folio, and pen-and-ink sketches of them for her readers. Thus Mr. Downing, her first host, has "dark hair of a beautiful brown, and softly curling—quite a poetical appearance." Professor Hart, who tried, with Yankee alertness, to monopolise the lady's pen for "Sartain's Union Magazine," is of "gentlemanly refinement—there is something benevolently good and agreeable in his pale, delicate countenance. I could not help taking a fancy for him." Dr. Howe, of the Boston Institution for the Blind, the instructor of Laura Bridgman, has a "splendid, energetic countenance." Mr. Harrison, President of Jefferson College, has "beautiful, meditative eyes, and a quiet, excellent manner." He pleased her exceedingly. Lowell, the young poet, has a "beautiful, Apollo-like head." Next for the ladies. Mrs. Downing is pretty, little and delicate "of a bird-like nature," and here the authoress naively adds, "and so am I." Mrs. Putnam is a "charming, cheerful, agreeable little hostess." A Mrs. D—— is a stately, handsome woman. Miss Sedgwick, the novelist, has a "figure beautifully feminine." Were we to proceed extracting more such pen-and-ink portraits, we should probably lead the reader to infer that all beauty and goodness had settled in the West.

Miss Bremer went through the Northern and the Slave States, and had a trip to Cuba. quietly quizzing, or throwing in a touch of the humorous. Of course, she saw all the great men and all the great women—patted all the lions, and was patted as a lion in return; but it is evident that she looks upon the American lion hunters as mighty great bores. Here is a whole menagerie of manes and beards in Boston.

"I remained there (in Boston) several days with my friends, the S——s, amid an incessant shower both of visits and engagements, which sometimes amused me, and sometimes drove me half to desperation, and left me scarcely time to breathe. A few of these days and hours I shall always remember with pleasure. Among the foremost of those, is a morning when I saw around me the most noble men of Massachusetts: Alcott, the Platonic idealist, with a remarkably beautiful silver-haired head; the brothers Clarke; the philanthropist, Mr. Barnard; the poet, Longfellow; the young, true American poet, Lowell, (a perfect Apollo in appearance,) and many others. Emerson came also, with a sunbeam in his strong countenance—and people more beautiful, more per[illegible]

[illegible]

"Margaret Fuller went to Italy with my friends, the S——s, about two years since, and remained there when I left. A report has now reached this country that she has connected [illegible] external ceremony, is spoken of; certain it is that the marriage remained secret, and that she has a child, a boy. She herself has written about it, and about her maternal joy, but not anything about her marriage, merely that she shall relate what further concerns her when she returns to America, [illegible]. All this has furnished subject for much conversation among her friends and her enemies. They who loved neither herself nor her turn of mind believe the worst; but I shall never forget with what zeal one of her friends, Mr. W. E., defended her on the occasion in company, and that merely on the ground that her character repelled every suspicion of any action which might cast a stain upon it. Her friends at Concord—among these the Emersons, Elizabeth H., and a younger sister of Margaret Fuller, married in Concord—seemed perfectly easy with regard to her conduct, and convinced that it will justify itself in the open light of day. This is beautiful."

Those who are fond of literary portraits will find abundance in these volumes, and some of them executed with much skill, *naïveté*, and freshness. The spirit in which the authoress writes and paints will be gleaned from the following extract:

"As regards my own private friends, I do not trouble myself in the least to what religious sect they belong—Trinitarians or Unitarians, Calvanists or Baptists, or whatever it may be—but merely that they are noble and worthy to be loved. Here also are many people, who, without belonging to any distinct church, attend any one where there is a good preacher, and for the rest, live according to the great truths which Christianity utters, and which they receive into their hearts. Some of my best friends in this country belong to the invisible church of God."

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

On the Alameda, or Public Walk of Malaga, such a variety of colors meet and dazzle the eye, as to make the stranger at once conclude that, whatever attractive qualities Spanish women may possess, taste in dress cannot be considered among them. The most striking novelty, on first landing in Spain, is the *mantilla*, or black veil, which is generally worn, although here and there bonnets are creeping in, and Spanish women are sacrificing the only becoming peculiarity they have left, in order to imitate the fashions of their neighbors. There is an elegance and a dressy appearance about the [illegible] been adopted by other nations; and if Spaniards bonnets are to them—the rich masses of whose splendid hair prevent the bonnet being properly worn—they would cherish the mantilla, as conferring on them a peculiar charm, in which they are safe to fear no rivals.

I know that I shall be accused of insensibility and want of taste, when I confess that my first disappointment on landing in Spain, was the almost total absence of beauty among the Spanish women. Poets have sung of Spain's "dark, glancing daughters," and travellers have wandered through the country with minds so deeply impressed with the pre-conceived idea of the beauty of the women, that they have found them all their imaginations so fondly pictured; and in their works have fostered, what I cannot help maintaining is a mere delusion—one of the many in which people still indulge, when they think and dream of Spain.

The women of Spain have magnificent eyes, beautiful hair, and generally fine teeth; but more than that cannot be said by those who are content to give an honest and candid opinion. I have rarely seen one whose features could be called strictly beautiful, and that bewitching grace and fascination about their figures and their walk which they formerly possessed, have disappeared with the high comb which supported the mantilla, and the narrow basquina—which gave a peculiar character to their walk. With the change in their costume, those distinctive charms have vanished. The gaudy colors which now prevail, have destroyed the elegance that always accompanies black, in which alone, some years since, a lady could appear in public. No farther proof of this is required than to see the same people at church, where black is considered indispensable, and on the Alameda, with red dresses and yellow shawls, or some colors equally gaudy, and combined with as little regard to taste.

Although I have not yet discovered the beauty of Spanish women, I must say that the Malagueñans are fairly entitled, in all that does exist, to dispute the palm with the inhabitants of any other town we have visited. There are some very pretty faces, and very characteristic of the Spanish countenance. They are generally very dark, and almost all have that peculiar projecting brow which gives to the face quite a character of its own.

The women have a universal custom of putting fresh flowers in their hair. It strikes one [illegible] other most gracefully placed in their rich black [illegible], contrasting so well with their raven tresses. The hair is generally worn plain—curls being seldom seen, for they do not suit the mantilla; and if flowers cannot be procured, some bright ribbon is invariably worn as a substitute. The love of brilliant and showy colors appearing to form a ruling passion in the present day, offers a singular contrast to the fashion twenty years ago—when a lady who would have ventured into the street dressed in anything but black, would have been mobbed and insulted by the people. Our first visit to the theatre at Malaga, confirmed my impressions of the exaggerated accounts generally given of Spanish beauty.—*Lady Louisa Tenison's Castile and Andalusia.*

THE SUM OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.—"Were I offered the choice," said Byron, "either to live my life over again, or to live as many years more onward, I should certainly prefer the first; yet my young days have been vastly more unhappy than I believe those of other men commonly are. I once attempted to enumerate the days I had lived which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy; I could never make them amount to more than eleven, and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether, between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen. Such is the sum total of human happiness. An Arabian calif, who wrote his own life, assures us that he had fourteen days of happiness. Gibbon tells the story after him, and boasts that he had exceeded the commander of the faithful—he does not state by how much, perhaps by double. Were I to choose my lot in life, I would not be a poet, though it is possible for a poet to get through life tolerably easy—yet the chances is against him. After all a bustling man of business, one who has not leisure to think of the ills of life, nor any great acuteness of sensibility to expose him to their attacks, such a man has the best chance of happiness. Some Frenchman, I forget who, has stated that, to enjoy this world, one must have a good stomach and a bad heart. I think a man may have both and be very miserable.

☞ To destroy the idea of immortality of the soul, is to add death to death.—*Madame de Staël.*

Selected Sketch.

THE TURNING POINT IN MR. SOULE'S EARLY CAREER.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, gives the following translation of a letter relative to the early life of Mr. Soulé—late Senator from Louisiana, and now Minister to Spain. The writer of the letter is Mery, the court poet under the new French Empire, and who for many years has held place in the front rank of critical writers in France. It is addressed to Alexander Dumas. It is the first account which we have seen in print of the early European life of our distinguished adopted fellow citizen. The literary and biographical interest which attaches to it, gives it a place in our columns:

AN AMBASSADOR'S LUCK.

To Alexander Dumas—

It was announced a few days since that M. Soulé, American Ambassador of the United States, was passing through Paris on his way to Madrid. At the same time you were giving us a chapter of your fine Memoirs on Alphonse Rabbe, and you did not know—you who know everything—that on that day Chance, the most skillful of all arrangers of plots, was executing a master stroke of his art, by coupling together two names forgotten for twenty-four years—two men who formerly encountered each, hand in hand; the one commencing his life by hope, the other finishing it in despair, Alphonse Rabbe and Soulé!

When fortune pleases to give itself the trouble of aiding intelligence, it prepares for its proteges an invisible ladder of ascent, and it is not until they are near the top that they perceive the round by which they mounted.

One day, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, I was translating in the cabinet of Alphonse Rabbe, a history of the Church, written in German [illegible]. Rabbe had en[illegible] He was twenty-one years [illegible] was very thin, as you were also, and as I still am. But he was consumptive, and that distinguished him from all of us. Alphonse Rabbe rose on the entrance of Soulé and welcomed him with that charming grace which never quitted him—

"Monsieur Rabbe," said Soulé, to him, in so [illegible] a voice that you would have thought a girl was speaking. "I am going to publish a review, the *Nouveaux nain jaune*, and I count upon you for some articles. I shall appear every five days, and I am prepared to offer to writers, and especially to you, the most honorable terms."

As indiscreet secretaries always do, I suspended my translation to listen to the conversation.

"Monsieur," replied Rabbe, "I am really extremely grieved to have to decline your so obliging proposition. But here is my excuse; I am under engagement to give four articles monthly to my friend Chatelain, of the *Courier Français*, and to deliver to my publisher, Le Comte, the manuscript of my History of Russia; I am working on it night and day; and I take ten cups of coffee every evening to keep me from sleeping."

"But you will in the meantime, leave me some hope for the future?" said Soulé.

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

"I may, then, just leave you my address, rue des Tournelles 57; the bureau of my journal is rue *Croix des Petits Champs* 27."

"Have you already contributors engaged upon whom you can rely?" asked Rabbe.

"Yes, I have a young man of great promise, M. Leon Halevy, and M. Santo Domingo, who has just arrived from Rome, and who has a headful of articles against the ultramontane church party."

"Do you read occasionally a weekly paper called the *Masque de fer*?" asked Rabbe.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know who edits that pamphlet?"

"No; and nobody knows. It is reputed to be edited by an association of anonymous writers."

"Well, a friend has just assured me, that I am about to be assailed in that journal. Now, I intend, myself, in the first place, to break upon their very faces the masks of these anonymous writers, but after that, can I count upon your *Nain jaune* to complete their annihilation?"

"You may dispose of my journal and of myself," said Soulé, in a voice so soft that it was impossible to suppose that there was a spark of energy in the heart of that boy.

[illegible] tion above recounted, I had been making all sorts of signs to Alphonse Rabbe, to make him understand that I would like *him* to give me a start in the editorial corps of the *Nain jaune*. But Rabbe was one of those men who don't understand pantomime, from respect, perhaps, to the tongue. He allowed Soulé to depart without once thinking of recommending me to his kind regards. I really had, however, at that epoch, great need of that branch of safety. I had just arrived from the depths of my distant province, and with the baggage of Bias, that old time enemy of Custom-House officers. Alphonse Rabbe, in his poverty, had extended to me the only hospitality which it was in his power to offer to me. I was the sole partaker with him of his modest repasts, and I labored in his cabinet at wearisome translations, from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night. Rabbe had discovered in me an exclusive aptitude for translations; and he was promising me an honorable place, next to Desfontaines and Bitaube. He did not dream, therefore, of recommending me to Soulé, as contributor to his journal; and much astonished was he to hear from me the strange proposition which I thus made him.

"Give me a letter of introduction to M. Soulé."

After a little hesitation, he gave me the letter; and at 6 o'clock that evening I ran to rue des Tournelles, 57. It was frightful weather, I remember, the snow was falling like a white deluge—omnibusses were not invented at that time; I reached Soulé's clothed in alabaster from head to heels, and stiff with cold, as an orange tree transplanted in December to the Marais de Paris, rue de Tournelles. Soulé received me with the greatest kindness, but truth to tell, he didn't quite conceal a slightly ironical smile, upon my mentioning what part of the country I came from. At that time thirty writers from the same region with myself, had not yet arrived at Paris, and it was my misfortune to bear all alone the weight of the smart epigrams that were uttered at the expense of Cannebiere and the Mistral. Soulé overlooked that, and asked me to write him a trial article. I forthwith set about the grave work of writing an article for the *Nouveau nain jaune*: I copied it three times, and I ornamented the definitive manuscript with drawings done with the pen, representing in my best style, various fantastical birds, and on the morrow at 2 P. M., I made [illegible] Croix-des-Petits Champs, 27. [illegible] Soulé, Santo Domingo, Leon Halevy, Lucasson, and an author of unpublished tragedies. At the moment I entered, this poet, who has continued unknown, was declaiming a tirade of *Asdrubal*. That seemed to me very imposing. It was the final recitation. Some one was recounting to the Consul Nero after the battle of the Metaurus, the defeat of Asdrubal and the fall of his *bloody head* in the Carthagenian camp. Soulé addressed divers wicked compliments to the tragic poet, and the latter left to offer himself as a rival candidate with M. de Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, for a place in the Academy. Now was come the solemn moment for myself. Soulé asked me if I had brought my article? I presented it to him with a timid and shy hand. My essay was entitled *Horace a Tibur*. Soulé read aloud; and he read it very well. Santo-Domingo and Leon Halevy paid me some compliments upon the occasion. My article was printed the next day, and Soulé assigned me a fixed salary, which in my own eyes, young debutant as I was, constituted me forever more a millionaire.

The relations of Alphonse Rabbe and Soulé had become very intimate. The *Nain jaune* was showing a tendency to combat the young school which was springing up beneath the rays of MM. Alphonse de Lamartine and Victor Hugo. Alphonse Rabbe, who passionately admired these two poets, and knew by heart their earlier verses, wrote a *romantic* article for the *Nain jaune*, and Soulé inserted it notwithstanding the earnest opposition of some of his colleagues. About this time the celebrated critic Hoffmann was devoting an hebdomedal, tetrastyle article to the author of the *Orientales*, and was pursuing him with his pleasant gibes. One of the celebrated journals of the day uttered the following phrase among others in a critical article on M. de Lamartine's *Childe Harold*:—"Methinks I see a numskull of a monk daring to touch the lyre of the great Byron!" The canvass of Gericault, representing the *Wreck of the Medusa*, was at last placed in its frame, and thus did they salute it—"Oh, the progress of painting! clay is usurping the place of color, and become of the painter's brush!" Rossini was appearing above the horizon, and the masters of art thus wrote with regard to him: "M. Rossini will labor in vain, he will never be anything more than a small speech-maker to music," and a biography prepared by four celebrities of the day contained this prodigious phrase: "At that date, M. Rossini had published *Othello, Semiramis*, and several works even weaker than these!" And they were exclaiming on all sides that taste was lost in France—that there was no longer to be found here, either painting, or poetry, or music; just as they cried under Louis XIV., under Louis XIII., under Louis XII., ever regretting the men that were dead; just as Bavius and Moevius cried under Augustus to the very beard of Virgil and Horace, regretting the divine Ennius—just as they will cry in the Valley of Jehosaphat, regretting Antichrist. The living live—that's their crime. In my juvenile simplicity, I could not comprehend these clamors. M. Victor Hugo ravished me and his *Muses on the Nile* affected me like the eclogue of Gallus. I knew by heart all the poets, especially Virgil; and I accorded to no one the privilege of being more classical than myself. I struck off impromptu Latin verses as in the time of Vaniere and Vida, and wrath against the classics was all Hebrew to me. Thanks to the liberality of Soulé, I didn't miss a single representation at the Italian Opera. I knew by heart, like Virgil's poetry, the operas of Rossini from the first note to the last. I wept with joy while listening to that stream of melody flowing from the Appenines, and I asked myself in what city of the cursed Pentapolis could have been born those men who did not adore the heavenly woman created by the divine Italian Master. Encouraged by Alphonse Rabbe and Soulé, I commenced my series of Paradoxes, in defense of all the young glories that were springing up against the jealousy of rivals who were in the pangs of death, and against the wrath of *good taste*.

If the *Nain jaune* had been only a literary and artistic journal, Soulé would not at the present moment be Ambassador of the United States. Happily for him his journal was political also, and very sharp in its opposition. "I would so like to have a little case in Court," said Soulé to me one day, "a bit of prosecu[illegible] the King's At[illegible] a rumor in a very lively manner. It assailed some law which had just been passed by the Chamber. I don't remember now what the law was. Soulé had a vague presentiment of the future [illegible] receipt of the stamped paper, which invited him to attend a sitting of the tribunal, and announced to him an inevitable condemnation. The great day arrived. Soulé repaired to the Palace of Justice with a triumphant step. Under the guidance of Chance he was marching to an Ambassadorship. His young friend, Lucasson, said to me, with tears in his eyes—'see how pale he is! This day will kill him—he won't survive it." And in fact, when he rose to reply to the question of the President, Soulé did seem to me paler than usual. You would have hardly suspected that there was any breath in that frail body, which the emotion of the day seemed destined to cast upon his death-bed the victim of consumption. According to custom, the speech of the King's prosecuting officer was crushing. Never had this functionary had to do with a crime like this, or with so great a criminal, and he invoked upon that young head the whole rigor of the law, and even more besides. Charles Ledru defended most eloquently the future ambassador. After him, Soulé rose to speak also in his own defence. Then it was that this pale and frail young man revealed himself to us in a new light. Up to that moment the diapason of his voice had never risen above the quietest notes. His countenance had always preserved a mild and infantine serenity. Suddenly Soulé is metamorphosed to our eyes. His voice becomes harsh and screaking, his face blazes with animation, his eyes dart lightning, and he gives utterance to an eloquent ire which abandoning all idea of defence becomes in its turn accuser, and hurls its flashing epigrams full in the faces of his Judges. In one word, he overthrew the skillfully constructed pile which his advocate, Charles Ledru, had built for his defence, and buried himself in its ruins. The bench of Judges sat unmoved, we must do them that justice, but for a metaphysical and incomprehensible article of Santo Domingo they condemned Soulé to three years' imprisonment.

Lucasson, who was sitting beside me, almost fainted.

"Three years!" said he. "It is not the prison—it is death! The poor boy won't live the night!" and Lucasson wept. We left the Court House. Soulé was leaning on the arm of Alphonse Rabbe, who said to him—

"My young friend, one accepts death—but one never accepts the prison."

[illegible] Leon Halevy. [illegible]

"A fine resource!" we all of us replied.

Soulé himself was silent, and seemed disposed to take the counsel of Alphonse Rabbe, who was citing Virgil to him. *Heu! fuge!*

We assembled at Soulé's and held a council. Soulé appeared very much dejected, but rather from very acute physical suffering than because of his condemnation. It was unanimously admitted by us, that three years' imprisonment was, as Lucasson had said, death for the poor consumptive patient. There was only one remedy remaining. Flight! But how fly?

Armand Carrel said, "When in 1823, at Marseilles, I was compromised in the Caron conspiracy, I did not hesitate one instant—I fled; and as you see, it turned out very well."

"Yes," rejoined Rabbe, "but, my dear Carrel, you were in a seaport, and were watched by the Marseilles police of 1823. I know that police. When it has lighted its pipe, it wouldn't disturb itself for a conspirator, and it keeps on smoking."

"Right!" said Carrel, "and my escape met with no difficulty. I disguised myself as a Catalonian fisherman, and was accompanied by three friends, Francois Vigne, Chevillard, and Jean Jacques Prat. We got on board a felucca at Barcelona—and all was done."

"That felucca at Barcelona is wanting just now," said Soulé.

Barthelemy, who was soon after to become my colleague in the production of so many Alexandrines, had up to this time said nothing in our conciliabolum. He now addressed Soulé thus, "Listen; I have just arrived from England. Here is my passport. Read the description of my person which it contains. It will very well apply to you. We have the same stature, the same acquiline nose, and the same black hair. We have no particular marks. There is my passport—read it and be off!"

Chance here had risen to the elevation of an intelligence. Soulé takes the passport, reads the description of the person, presses Barthelemy's hand, and exclaims: "You are my Providence! I leave this night."

M. Achille de Vaulabelle, who was in negotiations at that moment for a notary's study, purchased the *Nain jaune*, and thus made his *debut* in the career of letters, which he has since pursued as a historian, with so much distinction. We took leave of Soulé. He went off with his false passport, arrived in England, and then embarked for the United States where he [illegible] the atmosphere of the New W[illegible] best health has added its strong aid to promotion of the honorable ambition of the French advocate of New Orleans. Soulé married advantageously and became rich. He has received letters of naturalization, and is become the most eloquent of the members of Congress. And finally, he passed through Paris the other day with the title of Ambassador.

It is likely that Mr. Soulé visited, while in Paris, the house No. 27 *rue Croix des-Petits-Champs*—if he has not forgotten the number.

Now, I don't pretend to give this story to young men as a receipt for becoming Ambassadors. Since Soulé's time, we have been condemned by hundreds in the latter years of the restoration—but not one of us has become an Ambassador. Chance makes such a combination only once. I have an idea that the fortune of Soulé has not yet reached its last round. That man is to play a much grander role. I fear even that he will one day get us into difficulty with America, and that he will give us back Barthelemy's passport. May the future show that I am a false prophet. MERY.

☞ London extends over an area of one hundred and twenty-two square miles, and its population is nearly two and a half millions; yet tourists talk of visiting and seeing London! How little of what of this world men profess to see they really do see!

☞ Punch inquires: "Did you ever see, an actor who did not pronounce garden '*giardin*,' and kind, '*kyind*?' No, never. Nor did we ever see the individual who could give any reason for the pronunciation referred to."

☞ Distilled sea-water is never fit for use, because it always contains some muriatic acid.

☞ It was observed of some of the clergymen attending the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, in session in New York, that they "wore a cross upon their breasts, as a symbol of their High Church tenets."

☞ "Woman and Her Wishes," is the title of a pamphlet recently published in this city. The wonder is, how the subject can be properly treated in any work less than a cyclopedia.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in *advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:—

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

ADDITION TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one [illegible]

[illegible] take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons add name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be postpaid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

A NEW NOVELET.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," and "Clara Moreland," is now engaged in writing a new novelet for the Post, to be called

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

We design commencing the publication of this Novelet, at the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of the "The Lost Heiress." &c.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

CATSKILL, HUDSON AND HOME.

DEAR READERS:—As you sweep down the Hudson in one of those floating palaces which are the wonder and admiration of European tourists, your eye is arrested by the blue range of the Catskill. And as you gaze, a white spot near the summit of one of the peaks, is pointed out to you as the Mountain House. The Catskill range is not very high—as compared with Chimborazo—being only 2,212 feet, or less than half a mile above the level of the river—and yet, as you gaze upon it at from fifteen to twenty miles distance, it looks to be considerable of a mountain; quite dwindling any shot-tower or church-steeple with which your city habits have made you acquainted. Why even Fairmount—our Philadelphia readers perhaps will hardly believe it—even Fairmount sinks into insignificance as compared with the Catskill!

If you are bent upon a tour to the Mountain House, as we were, you leave the steamboat at the foot of the mountain. The ascent—generally pretty steep—of three miles, is then made in about two hours. If you get out to walk—as you will do, if you are a merciful man; especially if you feel that your room is considered of more value than your company, by the couple of young lovers on the front seat—you will soon distance the stage coach, and have the solitude of the mountain to yourself.

We enjoy more than a little this walking up of mountains. Everything is so still at times, that a feeling almost of awe settles down upon the spirit. It seems a kind of profanation of the silence, when you dislodge with your foot some huge stone, and send it rolling and crashing down the abyss. Wild flowers appear almost out of place amid the sublimity of the scene. But those gray, moss-covered rocks, and towering trunks seem born of the grandeur, and fitting children of the mountain.

But as you near the top of the range, you halt until the slow horses labor up to you, and take your seat perhaps in front with the driver. Coachee has not much opinion of the whole affair—romance, scenery, visitors and all—all he perceives very clearly, and has made up his mind to very decidedly, is that it's a terrible hard pull for the horses. He tells you who built the Mountain House—and when—and then adds, indignantly, "and after he had done it, he ought to have been taken up by the trowsers, and pitched over the precipice head foremost, just as far as a strong man could fling him." Coachee is evidently a sanguinary character, and has very little romance in his disposition. Catskill is to him a "blamed hard pull," and little else. As Wordsworth might have said:—

A Hotel on a mountain's brim,
A common Hotel is to him,
And it is nothing more.

We suspect that Coachee's view of the matter is one that also prevails very generally in horsedom.

But the builder of the Mountain House had more of an eye for the picturesque—to say nothing of the profitable. Accordingly he built his hotel some forty or fifty feet from the verge of a precipice—down which one easily could fall into perdition, and from which the view stretches to the Green Mountains of Vermont on the north, and to the Highlands on the south. It is a singular but beautiful picture that is spread out before the beholder. A [illegible] houses, trees and fields, through which [illegible] It looks as if you were gazing upon the country of the Lilliputians. [illegible] works and valuable properties of that very important creature, as he considers himself, Man, look so very diminutive and insignificant from the top of Catskill, what must they look like to the angels, from the far heights of heaven? We somewhat question if they can be seen at all. And as for Man himself—that Catskill dot upon the landscape—truly he ought to be thankful that the inhabitants of the skies take any notice of his existence.

Look at it in another view. Here, say, is a so-called valuable estate lying at the foot of the Catskill, for which two rival claimants are contending. Walking over and around it, it seems to these contending gentlemen quite an extensive affair—well worthy of from five to ten years lawing, with the accompanying costs in pocket and in temper. But now suppose we take these rival suitors up to the top of Catskill. See there—there is the property for which you are tugging and striving—some half-dozen little patches of green, lying around and between several little clusters of foliage. There it is—as seen from Catskill. What do you think it will look like from Heaven—if you ever are so fortunate as to get there?

We think that would be a little of a poser for truly reflective and religious men.

Did you ever watch a nation of ants, running busily from post to hole—active, earnest and untiring as if the salvation of the universe depended upon getting the leg of a fly, or perhaps the whole fly, home in time for supper? They manifest such an extraordinary amount of activity and energy and industry—about nothing—as it seems to a human beholder—that one is almost tempted to laugh while he contemplates them. But are not we—especially we Americans—such ants in the view of beings of a higher sphere and larger growth? What if this globe, about the importance and value of which we prate so much, were, after all, but as one of those balls of muck which a certain ill-looking species of bug tumbles along the dusty road? What should we say in such a case of our great mercantile, manufacturing and landed interests? What, but that they were no doubt of primary and nearly infinite importance—to mites, and ants, and tumble-bugs.

Dear me! this is rather an unpleasant way of looking at the subject. It seems hardly worth the while of toiling up to the top of Catskill, to see things below in such an insignificant position. Is there no other way of viewing the picture?

Ah yes—here is a telescope. This will annihilate the effect of distance, and again we shall see things as we would like to believe they are. Up start the houses and the forests, and even the men and women and little children. This is a great invention, this telescope. Man is not such an insignificant, despicable being after all.

And, as we reflect, we begin to see human affairs a little differently also in a mental and spiritual point of view. Man and his doings are not so trivial and unimportant to those who look from the sublime heights of an infinite and eternal existence. They look not down upon man from their heavenly elevations with a man's weak and failing eyes. Pitiful indeed would be his lot if they did so. Their vision is in itself telescopic by reason of their perfectness.

And man himself is not without his spiritual as well as his material telescope. Where human reason, even through its own worthiness of humility, might go astray, and under estimate the worth and importance of man and this world in the great, endless scale of worlds and being, Revelation is vouchsafed to aid and strengthen the limited and imperfect vision. Thus the soul learns that though thousands and millions of globes like this dot the great lapses of space—one human being is worth them all, and, in the sight of the Supreme, outweighs them all. And as this thought fills the mind, the muser on the verge of Catskill may turn from the fair landscape below, to the blue realms above him, and bow in spirit before the Lord and Creator of all. Wonderful, that so majestic and exalted a Being, not only should allow, but teach us half-children of the dust, to call Him by the endearing and familiar name of Father!

Two miles from the Mountain House are the Kaaterskill Falls—made by a stream issuing from two lakes, each about a mile and a half in circumference. These falls are much finer than we had imagined them to be, and well worth a visit. We had heard so much of turn[illegible] the whole thing was belittled to our imagination. But, as there had been a hard rain a couple of days previous [illegible] even without the raising of the floodgate—though when the full head was let on, of course the falls gained in interest and beauty.

The whole fall of the water here is some 260 feet—the first fall being 175 feet, and the second 85 more. Even the first alone is thus slightly higher than Niagara, though of course not to be compared with it—scarcely more than a tall mast to an equally tall mountain. But still it is very beautiful. Behind the falling stream opens a grand amphitheatre—while the scene around is finely and romantically rugged.

This place, however, resembles Niagara very much in one respect. We mean in the old charge of twenty-five cents apiece—for turning on the water. In dry weather, therefore, no pay, no Falls. As the visitors average, we believe, from twenty to thirty a day during the summer months, this floodgate affords quite a revenue. Of course, we remember the old saying, that "every one must live"—though we confess we see no very great necessity for the existence of some of these black-mail gentry. It was said of a certain famous personage, that "nothing in this life became him so well as the leaving of it"—and the same might be said of a great many small personages nowadays.

As you go up the mountain, a rock is shown you by the roadside, where that remarkably sleepy individual, Rip-Van-Winkle, took his long and unmolested repose. A cake-and-beer shop is built adjoining—to appropriate, probably, the glory of the scene. We were assured, however, at the Falls, that this rock was an impostor; and that the true rock was situated somewhere in the ravine below. In order to prevent angry discussions among learned antiquarians in future centuries, we would propose that Mr. Irving—who seems to know more upon the subject than anybody else, and who, there is reason to believe, has a sprinkling of the Van-Winkle blood in his veins—should, as a last good office to the country which he has so greatly honored, point out the precise spot where the renowned Dutchman fell—asleep. One word from him now may save huge folios (folly-os) hereafter.

One of our party made inquiry at the Falls as to whether Mr. Irving often honored the vicinity with his presence. The answer was that he had not been there for many years. The page in the Record Book was turned to, after some trouble, by the master of ceremonies, and there were [illegible] rightly, was Fanny Kemble. No one could tell, however, whether it was Mr. Irving's own handwriting—upon which so much of the interest depended. Queer, is it not, this interest which mankind take in distinguished characters? As Carlyle says, "All men—and especially all women—are born hero-worshippers." What a pity that they have so few and small specimens of heroes to worship! Here is a demand which seems far to outrun the supply. Probably the demand, however, is for sham-heroes, of which, certainly, there are plenty.

But we must leave the Catskills, and hurry homewards—not even stopping at West Point, where Arnold sinned, and Kosciusko closed his sad, eventful life. Grandly the Highlands tower upon each side to the height of six or seven hundred feet—and as we steam down the river, we have a succession of bold, romantic views. The east bank of the river is studded with beautiful cottages and mansions—such as we suppose are to be seen, in similar variety and number, nowhere else in America. Truly the Hudson is a magnificent stream—wide, deep and resistless. It proudly flows along between the subjugated mountains, as if it remembered how in the old centuries it had hewn its way through them to the sea.

The Hudson River Railroad—which runs for the greater part of the way on the very margin of the river; for nearly one-half the distance being constructed on what originally was below high water mark—is a work worthy of our sister city. Between New York and Poughkeepsie there are no less than eight tunnels, 2,779 feet long in all. "Anthony's Nose," we regret to inform our readers, has now a tunnel through it some 250 feet long. There doubtless had to be a deal of blowing, before that feat was accomplished.

Finally New York came in view once more—the Commercial Queen of the New World, throned upon her one mighty isle. Far stretched the line of masts, and the confused lines of houses. You saw at a glance that all was hurry and bustle and industry and orderly confusion. Then your mind unroofed the dwellings, and unveiled the hearts of that great city—and you saw earthly heavens, and earthly hells, and homes and hearts where heaven and hell contended for the mastery, as on a great battle-ground. And the fight went on with varying success, and with greater or less degrees of [illegible] city—now sounding like a shout of triumph, and [illegible]

But we hurry past—for home is in view, and this night we must, God willing, meet the loved ones. So thanks be to the night line—though those patented, ventilated cars of the Camden and Amboy Company, are the closest, most confined and most unpleasant of any we have met on our journey. They are so contrived that you cannot see out without great difficulty; cannot get a breath of cool air on a hot day without standing up, unless you like to take it on the top of your head; and are altogether more inconvenient than the common old fashioned cars. And for these purgatories the builder has a patent—and, what is far worse, a purchaser.

But soon the night comes down with its darkness and coolness, and then these "improved" cars are almost as good as any others. And here we speed at the mercy of any villain who has a grudge against the Company, and strength to lay a plank across the track. And such villains it appears are numerous—men who are not men, but fiends. Who would plunge the mingled crowd of a railroad train—including fair mothers and tender children—down precipices or into rivers, to feed fat some petty spite against an engineer or brakeman. And so, knowing all this, we plunge on through the dark night. But fearing not, if we be wise; for God is over all! His eye, ranging through the immensity of space, forgets not for any swift passing moment, any interest of any man. "Even the hairs of your head are numbered"—even "the swallow falleth not to the ground without His notice"—how much better than the birds is this mingled company of travellers, some with prayers upon pure and faithful lips. And so we will thrust aside Fear with the hand of Faith—and with an intelligent Fatalism trust that nought will come to pass but what, in some way, is for our own and others' good.

Ha—this is Camden—and opposite is Philadelphia—city of our boyhood and of our love. Here are our *friends*, and all that makes life life—and not a living death. Short has been our absence, but not the less sweet will be the meeting. Ah, of all the pleasures of a summer tour, the crowning glory is to miss not on our return, one of the "old, familiar faces." H. P.

WAR AT LAST.

The Sultan at last has yielded to the war-spirit of his nation, and [illegible] war against Russia. This was done after taking advice of the Grand Council of the Empire. In fact, war already existed by the act of Nicholas, in invading the Principalities. The effect upon the English funds was very depressing. Cotton also was depressed, [illegible] breadstuffs, which had begun to decline, stiffened up to the old prices.

What course will be taken by England and France is uncertain. The probabilities, however, are, that they finally will support Turkey rather than see her become the prey of the Czar. We do not look at present for any declaration of war on their part. They probably will watch the fight, and be ready to interpose at a favorable or unfavorable juncture. If the Turks drive back the Russians, all well; but if the Russians [illegible] Constantinople, then the [illegible] of France and England will take [illegible] the controversy. Some half-dozen vessels of the allied fleet even now are anchored in front of the city of the Sultan.

The Russian army on the Turkish frontier is said to amount to [illegible],000 men—while the Turkish army is at [illegible],000 less. The latter, however, has the advantage of strong positions. Omer Pasha, the Turkish Commander, had strongly solicited orders to begin the campaign before the W[illegible]—and it may be that important battles already have been fought.

As to Martin Ko[illegible] reported that he was to embark on board the American Bark Mimosa, on the 21st, for the [illegible] States.

THE CLEVELAND [illegible] RIGHTS CONVENTION.—The telegraphic report of the proceedings of this Convention, extracted by us last week from the Da[illegible], is said by the Cleveland Plaindealer [illegible] entirely destitute of truth. It says:—

"The women [illegible] those resolutions [illegible] A resolution was [illegible] offered by [illegible] delegate to confine speeches to ten [illegible] and of course it was not indignantly [illegible] Mrs. Clark was [illegible] gagged [illegible] down, nor was there a cry of 'turn her [illegible] C. is a Woman's [illegible] but one remark, [illegible] probably [illegible] did speak against [illegible] minutes. Abby Kelly once, but it is [illegible] untrue that 'an attempt was made [illegible] her down, but [illegible] declared she wo[illegible] not be put down.' There was no [illegible] 'dreadful confusion' during [illegible] crowning an [illegible] Convention. But the being made to ad[illegible] is that a motion when the hall was [illegible] the Presidentess fled, tion.' Now, wh[illegible] in a terrible commotion [illegible] thus slandered and [illegible] individual who has over the country [illegible] the Convention all thing who has thus [illegible] the contemptible cloth' a series of [illegible] manufactured 'out of whole ever he is, he ought [illegible] right falsehoods? Who[illegible] hide his head for shame.

Our opinion pr[illegible] We are not much of a 'woman's rights' [illegible]—but we go for fair play for all men, and [illegible] for all women."

CUBA.—We have [illegible] report from Washington, that Great Britain [illegible] made a treaty with Spain, by which English [illegible] are permitted to land men to search the [illegible] in Cuba on which slaves are suspected [illegible] having been carried from slavers. It is further [illegible] stated, that Lord Howden is urging upon the Spanish Government an additional treaty, by which England offers to withdraw her cruisers [illegible] the coast of Cuba, and permit any number [illegible] slaves to be landed, provided they shall be [illegible] *Emancipados* for ten years, and that slavery shall be abolished in the Island at the expira[illegible] of fifty years.

A FRENCH MISSION [illegible] Bennett, &c., having [illegible] proved unsuccessful in getting the French m[illegible] Mr. John Y. Mason, of Va., went in and [illegible] His appointment is officially announced. "Old Virginny never tires"—of accepting [illegible] good, fat offices. Why should she?

By the way, some [illegible] reproach the "Old Dominion" for being too [illegible] of metaphysical hair-splitting—but they [illegible] that she is the land of the Cavaliers (Cavillers [illegible]

P. S. We hope no [illegible] is seriously injured by the perpetration of [illegible] above pun.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.—The *unabridged* edition of this valuable work can now be obtained at the low price of six dollars. However we may differ with Mr. [illegible] as to the propriety of certain changes [illegible] the spelling of words—and some of which [illegible] changes judiciously have been omitted—we [illegible] but commend his work for the general accuracy and fullness of the definitions. Taking [illegible] whole, Webster's Dictionary prob[illegible]

FRANKLIN [illegible] tion of the [illegible] management of the [illegible] Institute. Such exhibitions are very [illegible], and should be generally encouraged. They keep the world booked up in the progress of invention and improvement from year to year.

DYE'S BANK MIRROR.—This Bank Mirror and Illustrated Counterfeit Detector appears to be one of the best of its kind. It is accompanied by a Book of Illustrations. The publisher is John S. Dye, Banker and Broker in Cincinnati—the editor being Mr. Wm. Montgomery. It is said to have a very large circulation. See advertisement.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of these and kindred articles on our third page. If they will obviate the chapping of the hands in the winter season, they will be to many of value indeed.

THE LA PIERRE HOUSE.—This new Hotel in Broad Street is believed to be well worthy of the patronage of strangers visiting Philadelphia. It is in a high and healthy portion of the city, is richly furnished, and the sleeping rooms well fitted up.

New Publications.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING, OR PARKS AND PLEASURE GROUNDS. With Practical Notes on Country Residences, Villas, Public Parks and Gardens. By CHARLES H. J. SMITH, Landscape Gardener, Garden Architect, &c. With Notes and Additions, By LEWIS F. ALLEN, author of Rural Architecture. New York: C. M. Saxton.

We like to see the publication of books of this kind. They scatter wide the principles of good taste, which in many parts of our country are sadly needed, and their effect will soon be visible in the increased beauty of rural residences everywhere. The present volume is a republication of an English work of high authority, giving in condensed form and business-like style a great deal of practical information. The editor's notes render it truly valuable to the American reader, as he takes into consideration the difference of climate, and makes suggestions accordingly. We copy the portion upon Zoological Gardens, believing it will excite interest. Why should we not have such things in America? It strikes [illegible] they would afford the liveliest sort of instructive amusement, and [illegible] kind are what our [illegible]

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

These places of public resort, though but recently established, have already received much attention, and have contributed largely to popular amusement and instruction. Formerly, collections of wild beasts were immured in the Tower of London, in Exeter Change, and in other confined localities, or at most were carried about in travelling caravans. The arrangements of the menagerie in the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, probably first suggested the union of collections of living animals with gardens. This plan, at least, was adopted by the Zoological Society of London, and it has been subsequently followed in various kindred institutions throughout the country. Of course, in all these cases the accommodation for the animals has been the main object, and the garden only an accessory appendage; but neatness and cleanliness are the qualities which we most desire to find in menageries, and with these the trimness of gardens sufficiently accords. Let the necessary buildings be tastefully and conveniently arranged, and we cannot conceive a more appropriate filling up of the picture than that supplied by lawns, flowers, shrubs and trees. For holiday folks who probably form a majority of those who frequent zoological gardens, the promenade afforded by the neat gravel walks and well shaven lawns, is an agreeable addition to the other pleasures of the visit. Certain it is, at least, that these gardens have been among the most popular places of amusement that have lately come into vogue.

It will be apparent [illegible] slight consideration that the proper style [illegible] zoological garden is a medium between a pleasure-ground and a flower-garden; it may partake of the characters of both in different places, or rather it may be described generally as a highly ornamented pleasure-ground. It hardly belongs to us to say anything about the arrangement of the buildings for the use of the animals, except that they may be easily combined so as to form picturesque groups. Of [illegible] certain roads must be formed from the exterior of the garden and between the several buildings, so as to facilitate carriage and traffic. Plantations and shrubberies should mask these roads and veil other deformities. Pieces of artificial water may be constructed both for ornament and for the use of aquatic fowls. Walks should be laid down so as to afford easy communication between the various departments of the garden. Where the style approaches that of a flower-garden, it should be of the mixed flower-garden described in a previous chapter, displaying an agreeable intermingling of shrubs and flowers [illegible] Perhaps the flowering shrubs and a mixture of evergreens should predominate. We are of opinion that anything like [illegible] of flowers is here out of place [illegible] an ill-advised expenditure, and as exciting an adventitious interest. Zoological gardens have recently been made the scenes of flower-shows: at first sight this may seem a grotesque and incongruous combination, but in practice the occasions are pleasant enough, and if they benefit the funds of these meritorious institutions, no reasonable objection can be made to them.

Note.—As everything in America *must be made to pay*, we do not see why a zoological garden, rightly got up, may not be made a permanent "institution" of this country, as well as the travelling menageries. The city of New York can certainly afford one. We trust that our country will ere long be provided with an establishment which has proved so attractive an object of interest to the immense population of London, as well as to the innumerable multitudes who flock thither from countries abroad. In New York, its attractions would be none the less, and in the "paying" department, far more productive upon the capital employed than there; and as a school of study, and science, the benefits of a zoological garden would be unquestioned. The department of Natural History embracing the varied subjects attached to an institution of the kind is one of exceeding interest to all who love to investigate the structure of animated nature; and the opportunity thus afforded to the scientific inquirer, would be a fund of knowledge to those having access to it, as yet but imperfectly understood in this country.—AMERICAN ED.

THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

We already have given several extracts from this work, by which our readers can judge somewhat of its character. We consider it so far as we have read, decidedly "rich." It is a collection of letters written from time to time, by Miss Bremer to her Sister in Sweden, with no thought of their publication. Miss Bremer's idea for a long time, was to put the country into a novel—but she found at last it was entirely too large to be thus treated. And upon perusing her private letters, upon her return home, she thought she could write nothing more descriptive and more truthful, of the new country and new people she had seen. The quality of truthfulness, in fact, these volumes have in excess—if that were possible. It is highly amusing to those who know many of the persons depicted, to see how fairly and honestly she has drawn their likenesses. Altogether the work, so far as we have read it—not quite half-through the first volume—is decidedly peculiar, amusing and interesting. When we have finished its perusal, perhaps we may have something further to say upon its merits and demerits.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

The November number is embellished with a pretty engraving of "The Woodland Swing." The leading article is an illustrated one on "The Scenery of Wales." We may note among the other articles of this number, "Aspen Court," "Abdias, the Jew of the Desert," "The Battle of Fort Moultrie," "Isabel Mareille," &c.

We perceive by the editor's table, that Mr. Graham takes up the subject of Temperance earnestly, and comes out as an advocate of "The Maine Law." He says: "The passage of such an act, and its rigid enforcement, would be of vast service in improving the morals and manners of thousands of our most useful citizens."

FUN JOTTINGS: OR, LAUGHS I HAVE TAKEN A PEN TO. By N. PARKER WILLIS. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street.

These are miscellaneous stories, both grave and gay, such as their author thought hardly worthy to be included in his more ambitious volumes. They have the readable character of all that Willis writes. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Clippings.

☞ There is not, in all Germany, one self-supporting opera house.

☞ A UNIVERSAL CRY AFTER MARRIAGE.—"I wish we had the money now that we threw away at our wedding!"

☞ It is stated that trained dogs are about to be introduced into New York to hold up ladies' long dresses on wet days.

☞ Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white so much as to stop perspiration. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was more prudent. She went often into the hot bath to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as the plaster on a wall.

☞ The Mayor of a certain provincial town conceiving that the word *clauses* was in the plural number, always talked of a *clause* in an Act of Parliament.

☞ An old priest in Paris was furiously attacked [illegible] 1848. He went to the window and sprinkled [illegible] with holy water, an operation which actually put them to flight immediately.

☞ The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

☞ When we hear a man boasting of having succeeded in business without having advertised, it reminds us of the old fogy who boasts of how far he has walked in a day to save the expense of riding in a railroad car. "I would work an hour sawing wood," said a shrewd Yankee, "and earn a quarter to pay my fare twelve miles, and go it in twenty minutes, before I'd spend four hours to walk it." A man can get along without advertising—so he can go on foot to Albany, but what a fool he is to do either.

☞ Mrs. McMurray refused to hire a house the other day, because there were no bannisters to kindle fire with. Builders would do well to notice.

☞ A BABY SHOW.—Somebody suggests, through the Springfield Republican, that a baby show be held somewhere in Western Massachusetts, in order to give those who are bragging about their babies a chance to exhibit the same, and receive such premiums as an impartial committee, chosen for the purpose of deciding on their merits, shall award.

☞ "Is your house a warm one?" asked a man in search of a tenement. "It ought to be; the painters gave it two coats recently," was the reply.

☞ Fashionable boarding-schools are, generally, respectable institutions where young ladies attempt to learn French, and succeed only in learning folly.

☞ A Bostonian has invented a "chronometrical lock," which, fixed to a door, cannot be opened before the time determined on beforehand. It operates by clockwork, and the absence of a keyhole precludes all attempts to pick it.

☞ When the Admiral of the British fleet in Besika Bay, heard of Ingraham's gallantry in the Koszta affair, he manned all the yards, and the seamen gave three hearty cheers, accompanied with a royal salute.

☞ Three hundred years have elapsed since the last war between England and Russia.

☞ A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind; endued with an irresistible force, which, for want of sight, is of no use to him.

☞ [illegible] Francisco market, on the 1st of September, at 75 cts. to $1 per lb.,—three for a dollar. Pears abundant at 20 cts. per lb. Tomatoes, melons, &c., abundant and cheap. Choice grapes, by the quantity, 25 cts. per lb., retail 35.

☞ As for Hazlitt, it is not to be believed how the destruction of Napoleon affected him. He seemed prostrated in mind and body; he walked about unwashed, unshaved, hardly sober by day, and always intoxicated by night, literally, without exaggeration, for weeks; until, at length, wakening, as it were, from his stupor, he at once left off all stimulating liquors, and never touched them after.—*Memoirs of Haydon.*

☞ Dining at a public ordinary, when one of the company had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, Dick stretched out his hand to take hold of it. The person to whom it belonged prevented him, saying, "Sir, that is my bread." "I beg your pardon," said Dick, "I took it for the loaf."

☞ The young Duke of Burgundy, while playing with one of his attendants, fell from his rocking-horse with great violence. He was apparently unhurt, and the gentleman entreated him not to mention it, thinking there was no danger. From that time, however, he became ill, and the physicians were unable to discover his malady. At length he died. This Prince gave promise of a noble disposition, great talent and sensibility. Had he lived, Louis the Sixteenth (his younger brother) would not have been King. Thus a child's plaything, a rocking-horse, perhaps, changed the destiny of France, and that of all Europe.

☞ THE NORWEGIAN COLONY IN POTTER COUNTY.—A paragraph has been going the rounds in reference to this colony, which we understand is incorrect. The facts, as represented to us, are that the colony has not been abandoned, but the best men that went there at first still remain there. So far as we can ascertain, Ole Bull has got into no lawsuit, and lost no money by the enterprise.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

☞ The American sewing machines are attracting extraordinary attention in England.

☞ The Sheffield Times reports a peculiar arrangement of a Board of Guardians in the neighborhood. The school-mistress was engaged on the express understanding that she was to be married to the schoolmaster!

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Parting Views of Gottingen—The Student's Frolics and Excesses—Botanical Excursions and their Usefulness—The Botanical Garden, and a Plan for the Establishment of such in or near our American Cities.

Gottingen, 8 mo., 11th, 1853.

In a previous letter I have given a sketch of the city of Gottingen and of the University. It was painted by a winter light, and I feared, at the time, that some of its darker lines were due to the dullness of the season. Since then the long, bright days of summer have come, and almost gone, giving us no scorching heat, melting the souls out of us, but a kind, genial air, and long, sweet twilight, that make it a joy to live. One must needs be in a charitable disposition in such a season, and I bethink me now, that I have brought the charge of laziness and love of fun against some of my fellow students. I feel just in the humor of retracting all the hard things I have said against them, and voting them a peaceable, studious class of young men. But conscience forbids. The season, which to me is so charity inspiring, has tempted the students to new forms of idleness. The tri-weekly meetings or "kneipes" are by no means given up, but now they are in the gardens of the beer house, and in close, pent up rooms. But the genuine "chorbursch" cannot enjoy himself at all times in the atmosphere of the University, and with the inquisitive eye of the beadle upon him. His imitators in the other associations are equally impatient of these influences. They are all lovers of nature, and they must needs make frequent excursions to the country to test the neighboring beer, and get right mellow in the shade of some old wood, or frowned upon by the walls of some mediæval castle. Impromptu excursions of a part or the whole of an association, are of every-day occurrence. But once at least in the summer term must a more formal affair come off, in which the members display themselves to the admiring gaze of servant girls, idle school children, and it may be of the belles of the town. Sometimes, indeed, they make quite a respectable procession, the officers in front, gaily dressed, some carrying swords, others great drinking horns, riding fine horses, often in defiance of all the rules of equestrianism, and behind them the less conspicuous members in carriages, boasting now and then a flag, to relieve them from the merest common-place. Thus accoutred and marshalled they parade around the town, and then repair to the country, to be gone two, three, or four days, to eat, drink, and make themselves merry.

There are several very pretty spots in the neighborhood of Gottingen, that adapt themselves to these displays remarkably. The ruins of Hardenburg, a fine old castle of the middle ages, with the grounds around laid out like an English park, form a favorite resort on these occasions. After a vigorous campaign of three or four days, the heroes of the bottle return, and it requires no practised eye to see that many a one has fallen desperately if not mortally wounded. I by no means wish to convey the impression that these excursions are confined to the "Verbindungs," or Associations. The members of these indeed may be called professional drinkers, but there are a great many amateurs among the "wild" students, who are by no means contemptible rivals.

In the promenade concerts, which take place here very frequently, the rivalry between different associations is displayed in a rather singular manner. Each club, if I may use the expression, has its allotted place in the garden, and each strives to outdo its neighbors in the great work of demolishing bad beer. At the close of the performance, you find the bottles piled upon one another, like cannon balls at an arsenal, and sometimes making quite a respectable barricade in case of attack.

This continual beer drinking, and looking upon it as one of the great aims of a student's being, is certainly the most repulsive feature of university life in Germany. But it must be admitted that beyond the limits of rival fighting associations, it is not attended with as disastrous consequences as one would suppose. I have compared the "chorbusher" to our "b'hoys!" In some respects the comparison is a just one, but as far as the evidence of the public concerts goes, the German has the advantage over the American type, for it would be quite impossible for a hundred of our rowdy firemen of different companies to [illegible] to some other use than to pile them up as a standing testimonial of the imbibing power of the drinkers.

I should be far from doing justice to the facilities which a German University affords in summer, if I limited myself to the class of idlers. No one can estimate more highly than I do the advantages which these institutions afford to the student for a very insignificant price. My admiration for the thoroughness of the instruction offered, makes me perhaps more indignant at the neglect which is so apparent.

The same genial season which tempts the idler to country shades to enjoy his beer, gives the professors of the natural sciences opportunities to teach their classes in the open air and in the school of nature. Every week, sometimes oftener, the director of the botanical garden and Professor of Botany, Professor Bartling, leads his class upon an excursion in the neighborhood. Occasionally, though not so frequently, the Professors of Geology and Mineralogy do likewise. Nothing struck me at first sight as more peculiar, than the manner of the botanical excursions in which I have generally taken part. If the circuit to be searched is not more than eight or ten miles in extent, Saturday afternoon is chosen. If, however, a long day's walk, a tour of twenty miles is to be made, Sunday is the day upon which it falls. The day selected is not the only point in which these excursions are entirely unlike anything American I have seen. The whole procession is a picture not to be seen in our fields and woods. First comes the Professor, a man of nearly sixty years of age, his pipe his inseparable companion. He starts off with the speed of a practised pedestrian, and not till he gets to the field of his research does he slacken his pace. Behind him comes a troop of twenty, thirty, sometimes forty students, each with a huge green tin box swung over his shoulder, and nearly all supplied with the equally indispensable pipe. After three or four hours spent in clambering up and down hill, or wading in meadow and swamps, a general disposition towards rest and refreshment is felt in the company, and here the botanical knowledge of the Professor shines conspicuously. He has not spent his life merely in studying the organization and classification of plants, but he has thoroughly considered their uses. He can tell within a hair's-breadth where the best glass of beer can be found anywhere within a circuit of twenty five miles of Gottingen; if such an article is entirely out of the question, he can deplore its absence with as [illegible] in telling where the best cooks in Europe are to be found, as he is in telling the habits and homes of plants. Of his knowledge in the latter respect, his position among the first of living botanists is sufficient evidence. It is rare to see such a connection of genuine good humor, and love of the good things of this life, with such a thorough mastery of science, and such readiness in imparting it. A scene in a village inn after one of these excursions would be a good subject for Wilkie. Around a table, upon which beer bottles, tumblers, and botanical boxes, plants, bread, butter, cheese, raw ham, boiled eggs, et. cet., et. cet., disputed for places, sit or stand thirty or forty students, with glass or lunch in hand, and eye fixed upon the Professor, who, at the head, between the intervals of drinking, gives an extemporaneous demonstration of the plants that have been gathered. This easy, off-hand way of associating with the students, does not lessen in the least the respect that all entertain for him. Indeed, it would be difficult for one to lose his respect for a man who knows so well how to mix the agreeable with the useful, and who, on all occasions, shows his thorough knowledge of the department which he teaches.

The botanical garden also affords fine opportunities for study, and in walking through the spacious grounds, about sixteen acres, applied to this purpose, and seeing the great variety of native and exotic plants cultivated here, I have felt the absence of such an one in America. Every little State in Europe has its botanical garden, but the United States is without one. Every year scores of new species are discovered in our heretofore unexplored country, and except in the herbariums of collectors, or in the very limited living collections of a few American botanists, there is no opportunity for the student to see them without searching for them in European gardens. But it is not merely in a scientific view that a botanical garden would be of great use in our country. As a collection of valuable varieties of agricultural, horticultural, and pomological productions, the botanical gardens of France and Germany have by no means a small pecuniary value.

Many branches of science are making rapid strides in America. Astronomy has no reason to be ashamed of her observatories, thanks to the liberality of wealthy citizens. Libraries, colleges, and scientific schools have equal reason to thank the wise generosity of the wealthy. Where is the liberality that will do a service to the cause of science in our country, by founding a botanical garden? C. G.

Miscellaneous.

THE HUNGARIAN REGALIA.

The official Temesvar Zeitung, gives a particular account of the recent discovery of the royal insignia of Hungary:

It was fully shown at the outset, by Auditor T. Von Karger, that Kossuth first took the insignia to Alt Orsova, but being unable, with any due degree of security, to conceal them there, he took them to the Hercules Baths, at Mehadia. Finding, however, still less opportunity to hide them there, he returned forthwith to Alt Orsova, placed them in the house of a certain George Theodor, and finally, by the assistance of trustworthy persons, forwarded them at night, across the Czerna, toward the Wallachian boundary, on horses bought for the purpose. It was also rendered certain, that companions of Kossuth had purchased, on the same day, at Alt Orsova, tools for digging, and had, at night, left for the Czerna. The winter on the Lower Danube having come on early, and covered the earth with snow a foot in depth, no search could be made for some months, in the ground about Alt Orsova, and when, in April, 1850, the snow and ice melted, all traces of any excavation had disappeared, and further research in this quarter was prevented, and the attention of those engaged in it turned to another part of the kingdom, by the shrewdness of the Kossuth party, who secretly removed the private marks and signals to a different place.

Early last spring, Karger was ordered to devote himself to the task of seeking the chest in which the insignia was deposited. He started on the principle that the secret could have been imparted to but few persons, in order to attain to any degree of security; and that they must have chosen some point which could be easily found again by them, or by their messengers, even upon the lapse of years; and further, that they could have crossed the Czerna by only one way, and that the place of concealment must be beyond that river—a region affording but few places suited to their object. Although a pretty thorough knowledge of the surface of this territory had been gained previously, a most thorough and careful examination was once more begun. This lasted several months, in all weathers, and even throughout the clear moonlight nights of July and August. Every upturned clod, every bush, tree, broken branch, stone, rut, or scratch in the earth was noted, the same spots were passed over and over again by those engaged in the search, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, now leaving the spot in despair of finding the clue, and yet, as if called back by some higher power—says the Austrian writer—returning again to the search. The result of all this research, was the conviction that the tokens of the place of concealment must be found in some peculiar conformation of the earth or hills, or in some peculiar tree or trees.

Karger concluded finally that the desired sign must be sought among the trees. Now began anew a careful examination of the entire wooded district; and at last, in a solitary spot, almost hidden from the eye, and not far from an old road, untravelled for the last fifteen years, which once led to Wallachia, was noticed a clump of trees in which many branches had been lopped off or partially cut, and which, on the whole, presented somewhat the appearance of having been trimmed with some special object in view. Next it was noticed that branches found entangled in the thorns, bushes, and in the branches of other trees, belonged to the trees in the clump, which showed that these could not have been trimmed by the peasantry for fuel. In process of these examinations, an elegant watch-key was found, and an axe-handle, which indicated that a man of the better classes had assisted in the work. This, taken in connection with the light and friable soil, the peculiar position of the trees, completely covered with creeping plants, the solitary position of the place, and yet its proximity to the Danube on the one hand, and the Turkish Servian boundary on the other, awakened in Karger's mind a feeling of the highest confidence that the place was found. He had been instructed not to begin the work of removing the earth until he had unmistakable signs of having found the right place; but he was now so sure that, on the 6th of Septem[illegible] fathoms was marked out, and men set to work examining it by digging ditches at intervals of a foot and a half, which were to be extended in each direction across the gore enclosed here in the bend of the river Allion, on which the clump of trees stood. On the 8th of September, at 8½ o'clock in the morning, a man at work in the prolongation of the second ditch, struck something which gave a metallic ring, and a little later, a well-locked iron box was exposed, taken to a place of safety, and opened by force—and the Austrian tyrant had once more the Crown of St. Stephen in his possession.

QUEER ADVENTURE.

A Philadelphian, a Mr. H——, married to a beautiful young woman, lately set out for Baltimore, on business. He took with him a portrait of his wife, whom he wished his relations near that city to be acquainted with, at least by sight. Having arrived at the end of his journey, in the confusion of getting out his baggage, he left the portrait in the car in which he had been seated. A few minutes after, a young man setting off for Philadelphia, took the seat lately occupied by Mr. H——, and there found the portrait. His first idea was to make inquiries for the owner, but Mrs. H——, we have said, was handsome, and the picture was like her: so the gentleman decided to keep it. Having arrived at Philadelphia, he gave it a place in a sort of female gallery surmounting the mantel-piece of his parlor.

Three months afterwards (Mr. H—— returned to Philadelphia,) formed an acquaintance with this identical individual. Calling upon him one day he was shown into the parlor to await the speedy arrival of his host. Whilst waiting, he examined the various paintings on the walls, and lo and behold he came across the portrait of his wife hanging amid a numerous and miscellaneous assemblage! Upon the arrival of the gentleman, Mr. H—— took occasion to ask for a history of the divers ladies constituting his gallery. The young man assented with a good grace, and passed them all in review. Having arrived at the last one, which was no other than Madame H——, our young hero, with a triumphant air, exclaimed:

"This is the pearl of my collection, as you see. She is a young Southern lady, who has lost her heart for me. I believe she is married now."

"Sir," exclaimed Mr. H——, "I thought you were a gentleman. I now pronounce you [illegible]"

Half an hour afterwards Mr. H—— sent a friend to our gallant. A rendezvous was arranged for the next morning, but upon the appointed ground our young beau made the most abject apologies to Mr. H——, and was generously pardoned by him.—*Bizarre.*

CURE OF STAMMERING.—At the last monthly meeting of the members of the Franklin Institute, some remarks were made on the subject of stammering by G. W. Smith, Esq., who described a new method of cure, by mechanical agency, the invention of Mr. Robert Bates, of this city. Mr. Bates, it appears, had himself labored under this infirmity, of which he had effected a radical cure by means of his ingenious contrivance. "The method," as we find it described in the Proceedings of the Institute, "consists in the employment of a tube for the passage of air from the mouth, when the muscles that close the orifice and stop the egress of air in speaking, are suddenly contracted by spasmodic action, and the employment of a strap around the throat provided with a spring pad (regulated by a screw,) pressing against the throat, keeping the glottis or larynx open; thereby allowing a free passage through the throat and mouth from the lungs, the arrest of which causes stammering. The tube is shaped to fit the roof of the mouth, is flattened and open at each end, and is about seven-eighths of an inch long, 5-8 x 1-16 extending down to the teeth, where it can be fastened by passing a small wire between them; the lingual or dental sounds are thus made; the labial sounds are made by an additional extension of the tubes beyond the lips; the guttural sounds are accomplished by the pressure of the pad. By constant use of these instruments for a short time the correction of a bad habit is effected, and the tube is gradually contracted and the spring of the pad eased, until a continuance is no longer necessary.—*North American.*

☞ Miss Pilkin says, the reason she has never married, is, that she never saw the man for whom she'd be "willing to cook three meals of victuals every day of her life."

☞ The late Rev. Sidney Smith observed that a railway whistle seemed to him to be something like the scream an attorney would give when first the devil caught hold of him.

THE LECTURE SEASON.

As the lecture season is now at hand, the following list of Post-Office Addresses of the most popular Lecturers of the last and preceding seasons, will be convenient to many:

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Concord, Mass.
Rev. Henry Giles, Bangor, Me.
Edwin P. Whipple, Boston, Mass.
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, Mass.
Rev. Thos. Starr King, Boston, Mass.
Rev. Theodore Parker, Boston, Mass.
Park Benjamin, New York City.
Rev. Edwin H. Chapin, New York City.
Geo. W. Curtis, New York City.
T. F. Meagher, New York City.
Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.
John G. Saxe, (Poet,) Burlington, Vt.
Wm. H. C. Hosmer, (Poet,) Avon, Livingston Co., N. Y.
Rev. Wm. W. Patton, Hartford, Conn.
John Thompson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
David Paul Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Of the above, Messrs. Emerson, Giles, Whipple, and Benjamin, may be regarded as Lecturers proper—that is, they are understood to devote much of their time, from summer to summer, to the careful preparation of Lectures for the succeeding winter season. We trust this class will be increased, and we believe a few more persons of competent ability, ripe culture, and effective elocution, would do well to qualify themselves for this field of intellectual effort. There are few others more honorable or more useful, and not many wherein the requisite capacity would be more fairly rewarded. The advantageous contrast in which deliberate and thorough preparation must place them with men hurried from the exacting duties of a lawyer's, clergyman's, or editor's vocation, to the lecture desk, need hardly be insisted on.

Many who were formerly acceptable Lecturers, did not appear as such last year—probably finding the demands upon them in other fields of labor fully equal to their capacity for intellectual exertion. Among these are Rev. Messrs. Tyng, Bethune, and Bellows, of our city, Prof. O. M. Mitchell, Mr. Geo. Bancroft, Mr. Choate, &c. &c. We believe the venerable Prof. Silliman is to be included in this class. So Rev. T. Starr King, we are informed, will either decline entirely, or restrict within narrow limits, his Lecturing for the coming winter; and such may be the case with others whose names appear in the above list.

We have not felt justified in including in that list the names of gentlemen who have lectured on special themes—as Surgeon E. K. Kane, (now absent,) on the Arctic Regions; and a number who have lectured acceptably on Physiology, Chemistry, &c., &c. Yet we trust the lectures of the future are to assume a more practical cast than many of those hitherto given; not that every lecture is to be of the useful-knowledge order, but that some lectures in each course will be. We trust such speakers as Prof. J. J. Mapes, on Agriculture, E. L. Youmans, (Saratoga Springs) on Applied Chemistry, and others of the same general drift, will become every year more sought and appreciated.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Clippings.

☞ PROTESTANT CHINAMEN.—The Nevada (California) Journal mentions it as a curious fact that many of the Chinamen in that region are Protestants, who take oath on the Bible in Courts of Justice, and say they were converted in China by the labors of a missionary, whom they name with much love. They are peaceable and industrious, and give practical evidence that "their faith is illustrated by works."

☞ Flat fish have no swimming bladder, and, therefore, remain at the bottom of the water.

☞ NEW SECTS.—A writer in the Central Christian Herald, in enumerating the different religious sects in Eastern Ohio, mentions, among others, the Omish and Menists, which, he says, are divisions among Mennonites, or Harmless Christians. The difference between some of them is said to be the wearing of buttons instead of hooks and eyes, while the length and split of the coat-tail is the great matter of controversy with others.

☞ It is better to throw a guard about the baby's cradle, than to sing a psalm at a bad man's death bed; better to have a care while the bud is bursting to the sun, than when the heat has scorched the heart of the unguarded blossom.

☞ A publisher of a newspaper out West, [illegible] to those who have loaned him pecuniary means, and gratitude to Heaven that there is no law in that State, enforcing imprisonment for debt.

☞ Dr. Prout has shown that all our principal alimentary matters may be reduced to three classes: the saccharine, the oleaginous, and the albuminous, represented by butter, sugar, and white of egg. Now, milk consists of all three—the curd, which is chiefly albumen; the butter, chiefly oil; and a portion of sugar. Milk is the only substance prepared by nature so completely perfect as to be a compound of these three principles, and therefore its perfection, mixed with bread, as a food for children. And milk is animal food.

☞ It does not give the country a high idea of the *tone* of the Government offices in Washington to learn that the clerks have been recently forbidden "to go out and take a drink during office hours, on pain of dismissal."

☞ The entire sum of money raised by the Churches of Great Britain, for Missionary purposes, is about $1,750,000; by those of America, $750,000; making, altogether, $2,500,000.

☞ A successful application of chloroform is mentioned in the London press, upon a man of immense physical power, while under a violent attack of cholera. While in the most violent paroxysms of pain and spasm, the chloroform was administered, and the struggling giant tamed into the quiet of a sleeping infant. The functions being suspended, the horrible symptoms ceased, the medicines became absorbed, and in an hour the man was restored to consciousness, and the disease was conquered.

☞ A ROYAL DAHLIA.—Mrs. Maria Hatch, of North Leverett, has raised, the present season, a dahlia which is seven feet seven inches in height, measures four inches round the trunk, and has on it, at the present time, seventy buds and blossoms. It was raised in a box.

☞ Sismondi, the historian, once said in company, when appealed to in relation to a disputed point: "History divides itself into two great portions—that which I have written and forgotten, and that which I desired to write, and for which I never found time."

☞ TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Editors and clerks will learn with pleasure, that if you melt a piece of tallow, and dip the spotted parts of the linen into it, the linen may be washed, and the spots will disappear, without injuring the linen.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ [illegible]

☞ A FALSTAFF HIT.—The water from the Congress Springs, at Saratoga, has been imported into France. The question has been raised why it was called *Congress* water? The obvious answer, of course, did not escape the wits: "Because it contained so much *gas*!"

☞ The British army, at home and abroad, numbers about 140,000 troops of all descriptions. The number of regiments, including the rifle brigades, is one hundred. There are nine colonial regiments, independent of the army of the East India Company.

☞ Belgium, it appears, is the most vocal of nations. The number of singing societies in that little country, is six hundred and sixty-two, besides innumerable clubs.

☞ The poor man who envies not the rich, who pities his companions in poverty, and can spare something for him who is still poorer, is, in the realms of humanity, a king of kings.

☞ The Salem Press is authority for the following: A farmer in this town hired, last spring, a young Irishman, to work upon his farm. He labored faithfully, and gave good satisfaction—when, about a week ago, the discovery was made that this faithful hand was a lass of the Emerald Isle. She could plough, hoe corn, swing a scythe, rake, load, and pitch hay with the best of them; but she was not very good at the cradle.

☞ An English tragedian has been performing what is called "his extraordinary feat of reciting the whole tragedy of Hamlet from memory."

☞ The London Jews—to their credit be it said—have eleven establishments for the almost gratuitous education of the poor.

☞ The newest pocket handkerchiefs (says the Court Journal) are frilled with an embroidered band, and many of those made for the *trousseau* of the Duchess of Brabant, were three-cornered, with a deep border of Mechlin lace laid on very full. One corner is made to pass through the ring of the smelling-bottle, and the handkerchief hangs thus in security from the finger.

☞ The Empress of France, it is reported, dotes upon jet ornaments.

☞ It is a significant fact, that the English papers in China no longer talk of the "rebels" or "insurgents," the general phrase being "the patriot army."

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1853.

General News.

HARPER'S CYCLOPEDIA.—We have received, in parts, the second volume of this work, which is to be completed in three volumes. It is a compilation from the best sources, and is a valuable addition to the cyclopedias of the day. The publishers deserve much credit for the manner in which they have executed the work, and the typographical appearance of the volume is very handsome. The work is for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

THE FIRE ISLAND LIGHT-HOUSE.—The Fire Island Light-House, which was destroyed by fire on the night of the 7th inst., was rebuilt in the year 1826, and was 74 feet high. The new one will be 168 feet high, and will be the most powerful light on the coast. It will be lighted on the 1st of November next.

THE FIVE POINTS MISSION-HOUSE AND SCHOOL.—The Five Points Mission-House and School, in New York, was opened on Sunday last, with appropriate services. The Rev. Dr. Wainwright, who presided on the occasion, stated that the building was the generous donation of one person, whose name he was not at liberty to mention.

THE PACKAGE OF THE SECOND DOLLAR, recently issued by the Bank of the State of New York, and which was stolen from the messenger of the bank, has been found in the vicinity of the bank.

THE WORLD'S FAIR (Crystal Palace) Society have elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, Horace Greeley; Vice-Presidents, Peter Cooper, Moses Y. Beach, Wm. C. Bryant, Wm. Kemble, Wm. Curtis Noyes, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Jr., Wm. Dodge, Jr., Wm. Hall, Jr., Wm. Hall, Wm. Hall & Co., Wm. Hall & Co., Wm. Hall & Co.,

Selected Poetry.

TO ROSA, THE POETESS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Not in the Grecian isles,
Not where the bright flowers of Ilyssus shine,
E'er moved a breathing form whose beauty's wiles
Could match with thine.

Not where the golden glow
Of Italy's deep sky is pure and clear,
Nor where the beauteous waves of Lunon flow,
Hast thou thy peer.

Not where the sunlight falls
On bright Circassia, through the perfumed air,
Nor in old Stamboul's oriental halls,
Dwells one so fair.

No fabled form of old,
Not hers who rose from out the foaming sea,
Though deemed more fair than aught of earthly mould,
Transcended thee.

In thy dark eyes a spell
Of beauty lingers, but their glance of fire,
When thy proud spirit is aroused, might quell
The lion's ire.

Thou movest floatingly
As the light cloud that to the Zephyr yields,
But with a step proud as a Queen's might be
O'er conquered fields.

And thou hast that strange gift,
The gift of genius, high and proud and strong,
At whose behest thoughts, beautiful and swift,
Around thee throng.

They come to thee from far,
From air and earth, and ocean's soundless deeps,
They rush in glory from each shining star,
On Heaven's blue steeps.

They leap from earth's far bound—
Forth from the red volcano's depths they start—
From bow and cloud they float—and gather round
Thy burning heart.
[illegible]

Thy hand has power to trace
Words as enduring as yon planet's flame,
Words that forever [illegible]

Linked with bright song alone,
That name o'er time's wild-heaving waves will sweep,
As o'er the waters sweeps the bugle tone
At midnight deep.

Thy magic strains will make
A portion of earth's living music, heard
Forever, like the cadence of lake
And breeze and bird.

The world of nature glows
In thy bright page more lovely to the eye,
As when, o'er hill and plain, the sunset throws
Its golden dye.

And thou art very dear
To many hearts thou bright and gifted one,
Ay men adore thee, as the Persian seer
Adored the sun.

For Heaven's own blessed light
Beams from thy soul so beautiful and free,
It seems Religion's purest, dearest rite
To worship thee. —*Louisville Journal.*

Selected Articles.

LIFE IN ITALY.

FROM G. S. HILLARD'S "SIX MONTHS IN ITALY."

INHABITANTS OF ROME.

The inhabitants of Rome are divided into three classes or divisions; the Trasteverini, who live on the right bank of the Tiber; the Montegiani, who dwell on the hills; and the Popolani, who occupy the low grounds of the Campus Martius and its neighborhood. It is said that a trained ear can detect peculiarities of speech and pronunciation by which each is distinguished from the others. In general, the language is spoken in Rome with a fullness and metallic ring not usual among northern nations, and resembling the rich vocalization of Italian singers. The mouth is opened more widely than at the north, and the volume of sound projected has more body and strikes more roundly upon the ear. The letter R is ejaculated with great force. Milton, in his treatise on Education, makes an observation [illegible] "we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward." In the quality and tone of the voice, the men have generally the advantage of the women. In music, the barytone is the common voice among men; and the contralto among women.

In walking the streets of Rome, fine and expressive countenances are frequently to be seen, both among the country people and the residents themselves. A stranger, however, might pass many weeks there, and have no opportunity of judging of the amount of female beauty, because the women of the higher and middle classes are not much given to walking in the streets. There are always three or four times as many men as women to be seen, even in good weather. The windows of the Corso in the Carnival were a new revelation to me on this head. The two points in Europe, where the rays of beauty converge to the most glittering focus are, probably, the Roman carnival and the London opera-house. The English and Roman women have a common resemblance in the fact that they are seen to the best advantage when seated.

The features of the Roman women are generally regular, and the shape of the face more inclined to the square than the oval. The hair, rich, black, and full is braided and knotted in a becoming and picturesque fashion. The forehead is low, broad, and firm; answering in its expression to the lower part of the face, which is massive and compact. The eye is large and finely set in its socket. The teeth, arms, and bust are fine; but the hands and feet, especially the latter, large; and the whole frame somewhat too sturdy and compact. The nose is large and almost invariably straight or aquiline. A clever Scotchwoman once remarked, in a mixed party of Italians and English, that she and her countrymen looked like restored busts, with noses too small. The upper lip is often shaded with something more than the suspicion of a mustache.

What is most wanting in the Roman women is an expression of softness, delicacy, and refinement. [illegible] the women are like men. The complexion is more like the rich rind of a ripe fruit than the [illegible] and vanish like auroral gleams. The eyes shine with a fixed, external light, like that of glass or polished metal; and do not darken with sensibility. The lips are firm and not tremulous.

I have often stopped to look at the nurses who were in attendance upon their young charges, in fine weather, upon the Pincian Hill. Their heads, never defaced with a bonnet, seemed made and dressed to go into a picture. The hair, of rich, lustrous black, lay in massive braids and was gathered into a knot behind, pierced with a silver arrow. The complexion, of a glowing, gypsy yellow—such as only Titian could paint—was in harmony with the gay boddice and streaming hair ribbon. The face, square in outline and compact in structure, wore the impassive expression of a marble bust. But the large brown eyes were animated with a strange mixture of animal tenderness and animal fierceness—like those of a tigress fondling her cubs. Passion and peril lay slumbering in their depths. It was a volcanic face, which, at a moment's warning, might break out in explosions of love, hatred, jealousy, or revenge. Thus Semiramis might have looked, while yet a shepherd's daughter; or Charlotte Corday, while dreaming in the woods of Normandy, before the air-drawn dagger marshalled her away to Paris.

TEMPERANCE.

In regard to temperance, I am inclined to think that the inhabitants of Southern Italy, and of the wine-growing countries generally, enjoy a reputation somewhat beyond their deserts. It is true that it is very rare to see a man absolutely drunk; but it is not uncommon to see those who have drank more than is good for them. But even where excess is avoided, the constant use of wine in considerable quantities is unfavorable both to health and good morals; to health, from the febrile and inflammatory state of the system to which it leads, and to good morals, from the irritability of temper and quarrelsome spirit which it induces. If the proportion of the cases of stabbing brought to the Roman hospitals which occur in or near wine-shops could be known, I have no question that it would furnish a strong fact wherewith to point the exhortations of a temperance lecturer.—There is an added temptation to drink abundantly of wine, from the nature of the usual food of the common people. This, being principally vegetable, does not, especially in cold weather, supply the waste of nervous energy, but leaves, even when the appetite is satisfied, a certain dull and indefinable craving, like being filled but not fed. Wine relieves this sense of flatness and inertness by the momentary glow and lift it gives to the languid blood; but the relief thus derived is like the heat of a fire of thorns, and there is thus constant inducement to repeat and increase the remedy. If the common people of Rome and its neighborhood could eat more meat and would drink less wine, there is little question that their health and morals would be the better for the change.

INDUSTRY.

In handiness and management, in labor saving contrivances, in the adaptation of means to ends, in economy of time and labor, these people are lamentably, ludicrously deficient. The philosopher who defined man to be a tool making animal, did not make his observations upon the Alban or Sabine hills. Every implement and instrument which comes to help the hand of man, is of the rudest and most primitive kind. Their ploughs and carts would be taken by a Yankee farmer to be the fossil remains of an antediluvian age. It is the same with domestic furniture and household utensils. Each generation receives what is handed down from its predecessor, and in its turn transmits it to its successor, without question and without improvement. No man ever thinks of contriving a labor-saving expedient, or of opening a short cut to any desired object. Flax is spun upon the primitive distaff, and woven by a clumsy hand-loom, very much as in the days of the chaste Lucretia; and water is toilsomely brought home from the spring, in copper vessels, upon the heads of women. Graceful as is the appearance of these moving caryatides, and suggestive as the sight is of classical and oriental associations, one would gladly forego it, if these poor women could be relieved by the aid of a pump or a leaden pipe. The habit of laying aside a portion of their earnings as a provision against a rainy day, is not common among these careless people; and where there are no savings banks, there is little inducement to a peasant, who is not so fortunate as to own a piece of land, to take the trouble, and run the risk of investigating his small savings. They are fond of dressing gaily, [illegible] longer, is often quite expensive, and [illegible] gold and silver, of homely workmanship, but always of the finest quality.

[illegible] of the mountainous regions near Rome are, generally speaking, a fine-looking race. The men are well-formed, and, in their movement and bearing, free and graceful. They fall naturally into striking and statuesque attitudes, and, when speaking, break into kindling and expressive gestures. The women did not seem to me so handsome as the men, though among them are often fine heads and striking countenances. From their habit of carrying burdens upon the head, they are very erect, and their gait and movement are full of emphasis and expression. In young men and women both, there is a great deal of a kind of beauty to which our Northern eyes are not much accustomed—that derived from color alone. With them, the tone of coloring is Venetian; with us, Umbrian. The complexion is of a rich, healthy yellow, with a burnish and glow upon it like that of a ripe nectarine; the eyes are of sparkling brown or black; the teeth white and regular; and the massive raven hair shines with a sort of metallic light like a bit of freshly-broken anthracite coal. These fine colors, so common in Italy, are in part the result of that open-air life which all the people lead. In Southern Italy, at least, no man or woman, especially in the rural regions, stays under a roof any longer than is inevitable. Every person who has lived in Rome or its neighborhood, must have noticed the antipathy felt by the inhabitants to a fire. An Italian child, from the moment he is born, begins to know the light and air of heaven. He tumbles about the grass like a dropped orange. Even when within doors, the sunshine and the wind blows in through huge yawning windows—if windows they can be called, which are without glass or shutters—and through great openings where doors ought to be, but are not. He never breathes an atmosphere poisoned by stoves or furnaces, but grows up in the sunshine and the breeze. Thus it is rare to see a sickly complexion, and almost every countenance has a look of ripeness and soundness.

The peasantry near Rome, both male and female, are fond of showy costumes, and they have a native taste for the disposition of colors, and the appropriate use of ornaments of gold and silver. On all festival and holiday occasions, when they appear in their best attire, the general effect produced is very fine, and forms [illegible]

ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

James Crichton was born in Scotland, about the year 1561. His father was Robert Crichton, of Eliock, for a time Lord Advocate of King James VI. Young Crichton received the best part of his education at Andrew's, then the most celebrated seminary in Scotland. His proficiency was marvellous. At the age of 17 he appeared in France, and, after challenging all the scholars and philosophers of the college of Navarre to a public disputation, to be carried on in any one of twelve specified languages, in any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, whether practical or theoretic, carried off the prize, and received the public praises of the president and four of the most eminent professors. The very next May he appeared at a tilting match in the Louvre and took the ring from a host of accomplished competitors. Enthusiasm rose to its height, particularly among the ladies of the court, and from the versatility of his talents, his youth, the gracefulness of his manners, and the beauty of his person, he was named "L'Admirable"—whence followed the title by which he has been since more familiarly known. "The Admirable Crichton." He journeyed from university to university, posting his challenge on church-doors and college pillars, encountering with miraculous success the most profound philosophers of the day. At Mantua he vanquished the most celebrated swordsman in Italy. He was suddenly cut off, in his twenty-third year, by an assassin. He was returning one night from the house of his mistress, playing on his guitar and singing as he walked, (for he was an accomplished musician), and was attacked by several armed men in masks. One of these he disarmed—the rest fled. Upon unmasking the captive, he saw that it was the Prince of Mantua, one of his former pupils, who, instantly dropping on his knee, presented his sword to Crichton and begged for his life; but the victor generously declined his advantage. As soon as the Prince recovered his sword, he ran it through Crichton's body.

Some contemporary account attributed his death to an accidental midnight brawl—others [illegible] but all seem to agree [illegible] Prince, and a belief or popular tradition prevailed [illegible] that the calamities which befell [illegible] were judgments of the Almighty for that foul murder.—*Sunday Times.*

THE EXERCISE OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES.—The pursuits of literature, politics, or commerce, are often of so exciting a kind, that in place of the powers of the mind being exercised, they are too often overtaxed and fatigued. Honor, power, or praise acquired, stimulates to increased exertion; the ardent student, the ambitious politician, the eager merchant, forgetting all but the one object before them, labor and labor on; having recourse to artificial stimuli to recruit the wearied powers, taking no amusement, neglecting to take bodily exercise in the open air, until gradually dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and other ailments supervene, the mind becomes less vigorous, the memory less retentive, the perception less acute, the judgment less accurate, and a gradually increasing imbecility of mind and weakness of body compel the abandonment of those pursuits which, if they had been more wisely followed, might have led to fortune, fame and honorable distinction. It is especially in the meridian of life, when the mental powers are perhaps more fully developed, and demand to be most actively employed, when the mind is really capable of so much, that there seems no limit to its capabilities—it is then this fatal error of overtaxation, of too continuous labor, is most common. But let the man of superior genius, learning, or talent, pause well, ere he thus wears out the great gifts with which Providence has endowed him; let him remember that his duty to all mankind, no less to himself, calls on him to preserve his great powers in their integrity for many years, not sacrifice them in a few; and how may they thus be preserved? Simply by not overtaxing them, by systematizing their exertion, by allowing the mind periods of relaxation from deep thought and laborious exertion, by alternating pursuits of a less serious and exalting character, or even by joining in amusing trivialities. The relaxation of the mental powers must be found not in merely resting, in merely quitting for a time the absorbing and fatiguing employment, but in change to some other less severe occupation; for if no new occupation be entered upon, the mind still dwells on the old one, and ponders again and again on what has been done, and what remains to do.

☞ Serenity of mind is nothing worth unless it has been earned. A man should be at once susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.

THE PROFESSIONS.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

In every community there are a few young men who can deliberately choose their profession. There are only a few; for accident, not choice, determines the career of most of us. But, here and there, there is a youth who, owing to the circumstances of his parents or the strength of his own determination, is able to make up his mind what he will do in life; and does it.

In former times, young men of this fortunate class embraced, as a matter of course, the profession of arms; and in some of the less progressive countries of Continental Europe, the majority of "well-born" youth do so to this day. The girls of Copenhagen still prefer that the arms of a soldier should encircle them, when they waltz, and the highest honors of the court and cabinet are still worn with the epaulette. In those countries, not to be a soldier, is, not to belong to the *élite* of society. Happily, our own army is so small, that arms, as a profession for educated gentlemen, can scarcely be said to exist among us. Millions of our citizens live and die without ever seeing a man entitled to paint on his trunk the letters U. S. A.

In this Republic, the Law has been, till within a few years, the favorite profession of the fortunate few. The Law was the beaten path to the highest honors. Every President but two has been chosen from the legal profession, and would not have been chosen, if he had not been of that profession. Every Vice President whose name we can now call to mind, was a lawyer. Every man in our time who has been a prominent, but unsuccessful candidate for those offices, was a lawyer. Every Secretary of State, we believe, has been a lawyer. Almost every Governor of a State has been a lawyer. Nearly every man that has been distinguished in Congress was a lawyer. The leading persons in counties, towns and villages, have [illegible] the profession retains something of its former *prestige*. It is only in the last few years, that great merchants, great manufacturers, great railroad men, great agriculturists, great architects, have begun to overtop and overshadow the wealth and consequence of great lawyers. Lawyers know better than we do, that the best days of the legal profession are over, and over forever. Simplified codes reduce fees. Improved manners and increasing enlightenment diminish litigation. The more men know, the better friends they are; and the better friends men are, the more likely they are to be able to settle their disputes without the assistance of a Court. Moreover, the great honors of the State, once so much coveted—once so august and overwhelming—are now of far less account—because the whole country understands that those high honors cannot, except by accident, fall upon the deserving; but are merely the stock in trade of a small, disreputable class of men, who have made a business of politics, and whose jargon in the newspapers is even unintelligible to the public. Emphatically, the palmy days of the law are over.

We believe there is no diminution in the number of candidates for such legal honors as are left; but in the quality of those candidates there is a palpable depreciation. We cannot speak for other places, but in New York the *élite* of the young men do not, as a general thing, become students of law. When they do, it is because an uncle, or a father, or an intimate friend, is the possessor of a business in which there is an opening and a prospect. In fact, to create a legal business in New York, is understood to be just one degree within an impossibility. In the country, it is less difficult; but to an honorable man, sometimes quite impossible. For example, there is a town about a hundred miles from New York, in which reside four young lawyers, whose united practice (a year ago) would have kept a cow in tolerable pasture. They were not the men to sit at their desks and patiently starve. On the contrary, they had no sooner got a license to practice, and their tin plates painted, than they set about making a stir in the country, "to get," as one of them happily termed it, "their names up." A embraced the "temperance cause," and spoke at meetings. B plunged into Odd-Fellowship, and passed his leisure moments in visiting lodges and advocating the interests of the Odd-Fellows generally. C went into extremities of politics, and got his name in the [illegible] expedients, we are informed, have not been employed in vain; and this fact alone—the fact that such expedients *could* be successful—is almost enough of itself to put a stamp of infamy on the profession. We do not think it is going too far to say, that the law is among the last professions that one would now recommend to a young man of honor, spirit and talent. Among the older members of the legal profession, there are men of the first respectability, of eminent talent and great worth; but it is not the profession for a young man to choose in the year of our Lord, 1853.

It is a talking profession; and what is wanted in these days is action, and the power of directing action. We want architects who, to use the language of Mr. Greenough, can apply Greek principles, without imitating Greek forms. This nation, in the course of the next fifty years, is to be torn down and built up better. Of the two hundred and fifty churches standing this day in New York, not twenty will exist in the year 1900; but will have been replaced by better ones, if architects can be found to build them. When we consider, on the one hand, the rapidity with which property is accumulated here, and on the other hand, the taste universally diffused for magnificence, we cannot resist the conclusion, that the United States is about to furnish the largest and best field for the practice of the architectural profession, that has ever been afforded at any period, in any country. But those who practice that profession must have ideas. Copyists we have already, and copies we have already. We want men who will thoroughly *master* their art, not be enslaved by it; men who will seize the great idea, that *Beauty is utility perfected*, and make it live in structures that shall answer their purpose to admiration, yet gladden the eye and exalt the taste of those who behold them. There is a great deal of glory in reserve for the men who shall adapt the art of architecture to the wants, the climate, the genius of America—and not glory alone.

We want engineers, too. Within the next fifty years, a thousand tunnels will have to be excavated, ten thousand bridges will be built, a million miles of railroad must be laid out, [illegible] accessible; and things are to be done which we can no more anticipate now, than the people [illegible] roads, telegraphs and steamships. What a field for men of science and talent! The American mind is singularly adapted to enterprises of this kind; and it is with the utmost confidence, that we urge young men who can choose what they will do, and who have no fancy for an ordinary, hum-drum career, to give the profession of engineering serious consideration. It is a profession for a MAN! It takes him out of-doors, up mountains, along torrents, across prairies, through forests. He becomes intimate with nature, while he uses the forces of nature to subdue nature; and there is something so honestly, palpably and greatly beneficial in what he does, that the narrowest of utilitarians cannot refuse him his respect. Look at Colonel Serrell, who bridged the Niagara before he was twenty-two years old, and did the same service for the St. John's, on his wedding trip. There is something better in that than stupefying the mind over "moral philosophy," and other antiquated trash in the "senior year."

And there is the great difficulty. We want men of action; but the main effort of our schools is to produce men of talk. An engineer who had occasion, some time ago, for two assistants in surveying for a railroad, addressed the following question to three professors of mathematics attached to three colleges of high repute:—"In the class about to graduate from your institution, are there any young men competent to go upon the road immediately and make surveys, without any assistance from me?" *There were none*, and the professors frankly said so. What a fact is this! As a preparation for the duties of modern life, our college course is scarcely of any use at all; and we care not who hears us when we say, if a young man is resolved to run a great career in an active, manly profession, let him keep out of college. *That* young man has no four years to waste! *His* knowledge must be real, positive, modern. *He* needs a trained eye, a trained hand, a broad chest and long wind; *not* a stimulated brain merely. *He* must learn how to *do* this and that for himself. He must be a man of the world, educated in the world, by the world, for the world.

We cannot pursue the subject further at present. The sum of the whole matter is this: the talking professions have had their day; the active professions are going to have theirs; the means of education have not yet become adjusted to the new want; and he who promotes such adjustment, even so far as to point out its necessity, does a good thing.—*Home Journal.*

City Scenes.

DANDY.—"Don't be alarmed, sir. It's on[ly] play!"

Wit and Humor.

CAPITAL RAIL[illegible] "[illegible] were a good [illegible] the other day, at a circumstance which occurred in one of the cars of the New York and Erie Railroad. It was witnessed by a friend whom no "good thing" ever escapes, and who thus describes it:

"On a seat two or three 'removes' from me, sat a smart Yankee-looking woman, with a dashing new silk gown, and a new bonnet, set jauntily upon her head; and beside her, looking out of the window, and every now and then thrusting out his head, sat a man, of a somewhat foreign air and manner.

"The woman watched him with every appearance of interest, and at last said to him:

"'Do you see that hand bill there, telling you not to put your arms and head out of the car-windows?'

"The man made no reply, save to fix upon the speaker a pair of pale, watery blue eyes, and presently out went his head again, and half his body, from the car-window.

"'Do you understand English?' asked the woman.

"'Yaw!' was the reply.

"'Then why don't you keep your head out of the window?'

"There was no reply, of any kind, to this appeal.

"At length he put out his head a third time, just as the cars were passing a long wooden bridge. The lady started back, and once more exclaimed:

"'Do you understand English?'

"'Yaw—yaw!'

"'Then why don't you keep your head out of the window? Want to get killed?'

"No response. And a fourth time he narrowly escaped 'collision' with some passing object.

"The woman could 'stand it' no longer: '*Why don't you keep your head out of the window?* The next thing you know, your head will be smashed into a jelly, and your brains will be all over my new silk dress—that is, if you've *got any*—and I don't much believe you have!'

"We had all mistaken the object of the woman's solicitude; which at first seemed to be a tender regard for the safety of her fellow-passenger; but when the true motive 'leaked out,' coupled with so very equivocal a compliment to his intelligence, a laugh was heard in the car that drowned the roaring of the wheels."

[illegible] gogue at Nantucket, who used every morning to read passages in the Bible, and expound the same as he proceeded, in order that, by asking questions as to how much they remembered of his comments, he might ascertain who were the bright boys of his school. On one occasion he read from the book of Job, thus:

"There was a man in the land of Uz, and his name was Job, who feared God, and eschewed evil. Eschewed evil; that is, he eschewed evil as I do tobacco—he would have nothing to do with it." With this very clear and forcible elucidation of the word "eschew," he proceeded, until a number of verses were read and commented on in a similar clear and intelligible manner.

After a long interval, when the young mind had time to digest its food, the pedagogue called upon one of the younger boys, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Who was the man who lived in Uz?"
"Job."
"Was he a good man?"
"Yes."
"What did he do?"
"*He chewed tobacco, when nobody else would have nothing to do with it!*" was Bob Holmes' answer.

The boy was permitted to take his seat!

A DESCRIPTION OF A DINNER AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.—I met upon the train an elderly gentleman, who had been to the show case exhibition at New York, and who had also seen the *Hi-pod-ro-me*, as he called it.

"Did you remain long in New York?" I asked him.

"Well, no," answered he, thoughtfully, "only two days, for I saw there was a right smart chance of starving to death, and I'm opposed to that way of going down. I put up at one of their taverns, and I allowed I was going to be treated to the whole."

"Where did you stop?" said I, interrupting him.

"At the *Ashtore* House. I allow you don't ketch me to no such place agin. They rung a *gong*, as they called it, four times afore breakfast, and then, when I went in to eat, there wan't narry vittles on the table!"

"What *was* there?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well," said the old man, enumerating the [illegible] "from fear of omission, "there was a clean [illegible] and what was worse," added my companion, "the insultin' nigger up and asked me what I wanted; 'vittles,' says I, *bring in yer vittles and I'll help myself!*"

SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.—We frequently see a paragraph in the papers headed "Singular Coincidences," which upon perusal fails so often as not to furnish us with the most remote connection of subject. In order, therefore, that our readers may judge of what we consider a coincidence, we beg to present them with the following:

The occupant of a house happening to have stepped out just two minutes before the tax-collector called for the rates.

A tailor having a large bill to meet on the very day that he requests payment of your small account.

A friend, of whom you wish to borrow £5, happening, strangely enough, to be in want of the same sum himself.

And a relative in the country, whom you propose sojourning with next week, being unable to accommodate you, owing to an expected visit from an old maiden aunt, at the very same period.—*Punch.*

NEW KIND OF TELESCOPE.—A Mr. Long, from Virginia, related, at the recent World's Temperance Convention, this amusing anecdote:—A liquor seller, in our State, feeling some compunction, went to a temperate gentleman, and asked him what he should do to have some chance of expiating the consequences of his evil ways. "Go and make a telescope," said the gentleman. "A telescope! what can I do with one, and how can I make it?" asked the liquor seller. "Well, unless you do you will never get a glimpse of Heaven," was the reply. "How am I to do it?" "Just take every barrel of liquor in your store, knock out the ends, put these barrels end to end in a long line, kneel down, and take a good look through the tube, and that's your only chance of ever getting a *view of Heaven*."

A "FAST MAN" AND A TROTTER.—A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind. "That's a beautiful mare, you are on!" said Sheridan. "Do you think so?" "Yes, indeed! how does she trot?" The creditor, highly flattered, put her into full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

OUR GRE[illegible].—I once heard a vain, conceited [illegible] with some fifteen or twenty other [illegible] round the almost red hot [illegible] one winter night, say, that we were [illegible] wiser now, in the present generation, th[an] generations gone by, in *every* thing; and [that] *all* of us were wiser than those who had [gone] before us.

"Not *all*, I [illegible]" said one of 'em, "[illegible] there's a good [deal of] difference in folks."

"Well," said [he,] "all that *I* know, is, that my *father* know[s more] than my *grandfather*; and *I* know that *I* [know] more than my father did, for I've had a ch[ance] to see a great deal more than he did."

"Ha! ha! ha!" [went] all round the store.

"What are yo[u laughing] at?" says he.

"Nothing," sa[id a] red-haired, loungy-gaited young man; "I [never] know'd your father; but your grandfather [must] have been a natural fool, according to yo[ur argument]."

They laughed [heartily] at first; but he looked so sheepish that [I] felt sorry for him, and he slipped out pretty [soon].

THE UNPLEAS[ANT] TRUTH.—SCENE.—A private parlor.—Mr. [Th]ompson, a rich merchant, spending the even[ing] with his brother and wife—Entrance of Julia, [th]eir daughter, a girl of six years. *Mr. Th[ompson]*—My dear, don't you love me? *Julia*—[N]o, I don't love you at all. *Pa*—(who has an eye to his brother's last will and testament)—O yes, Julia, you love your uncle, don't you? *Julia*—*No, I don't* love him. *Uncle*—Why don't you love me? *Julia*—Pa don't want me to tell. *Unsuspicious Pa*—Oh, yes, my dear, tell uncle. *Julia*—(after thinking a moment)—Well, it's because you don't die, and leave me your money. Pa said you would, but you don't. GRAND TABLEAU—wife screams—husband swears—and uncle makes a hasty exit.

"CHOKING THE [SASS]."—A good old deacon whose exhortation and whose example for many years blessed one of the back towns in this county, will be always remembered by the many quaint expressions which he has bequeathed to immortality. "My friends," once exhorted the good deacon, "beware of idleness in cultivating the garden of your heart; else the weeds of sin springing up will *choke the sass!*"—*Eclectic.*

Miscellaneous.

"MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

[illegible] in the Tribune yesterday of a *girl lost*. "A good looking, rather ta[ll] girl, seventeen years of age, dark complexion and dark hair was lost." "She was well dressed, and started to go from her father's house, Spring street, near Broadway, to her brother['s] in the same street. And she was lost." Some stranger who reads that simple announcement, one who has spent a night at one of the three great hotels on the corners of Spring street and Broadway, may wonder that a girl should be lost in such a respectable neighborhood. He does not know that the guests of the biggest of the three hotels look down upon one side upon one of the worst gambling hells, and one of the police permitted gambling lottery offices in the city, and on the other side upon as worse premises; houses which the vocabulary of infamous language has no words sufficiently black enough to describe; houses which are open for innocent young girls to enter, from which innocent young girls never return. They are "lost." This is not the first girl lost in New York. These are not the first parents who have been deeply afflicted; who have appealed in vain through the press for any information of a girl lost."

We have a little incident to relate of a girl lost. A few years ago, No. 000 Church street, was accounted the "luckiest house in the street." There are great many unlucky ones in that street now, and that particular one is estimated the most unlucky of all of them. It should be so. It was in that house, about three years ago, that a girl was lost. For the sake of her parents, brothers and sisters, and large family of relatives, we will not give her true name. We will call her Julia Montgomery. She was such a girl as the one described in the "Item" of yesterday. She was tall and handsome, just seventeen, with dark hair and eyes, and well dressed. She lived in one of the river towns, and came down on one of the barges that float down such a multitude of things produced by farmers, in company with her father and mother, who brought some of their own produce to market.

On the same boat were two young men who had been up the country, they said, on a sporting excursion. This was true. But they might have added, "what is sport to us, is death to you." They were gamblers. On the passage they made the acquaintance of Julia, and by their bland manners completely won the confidence of the [illegible] were very anx[ious that] Julia should go home with them and [see their] sisters. They were not so anxious that her mother should go, but they insisted very hard that she should, because they knew she would not, as she had her butter and eggs and chickens to sell, and lots of shopping to do, so Julia went alone. She came back to the boat towards night to tell her mother what nice girls the Misses Camptown were, and that they wanted she should go with them to the theatre, and then it would be late, stay all night. The mother consented, as Mr. Camptown was such a fine young man.

After the play, they had an oyster-supper and wine, and Julia became very much elated. Then they went home to Mr. Camptown's home, which was no other than that notorious Church Street den, and the "sisters" the most notorious sinners in it. Of course more wine was drank, and Julia became oblivious of what transpired. She awoke to consciousness next morning to find herself, "a girl lost." Almost delirious, she flew from the wicked scoundrel at her side to the street-door, to find it barred against her. In vain she begged and prayed, and cried to be let out. The soul incarcerated in the infernal regions might as well pray for egress. She finds in both cases only scoffing at the victim's agony. Then she grew wildly furious, and they tied her hands and feet, and carried her down into the coal cellar "to let her get over her [illegible]," and keep her out of sight till the old woman was out of the way." For three days, Camptown watched her father and mother, and then they gave up and went home with heavy hearts, for "a girl was lost." Yes, she was "lost." Then Camptown went back to enjoy his "country beauty." She was lost to him also. In some of the pulling down and diggings up in that street, all that remains to earth will make another "Item" to a daily paper. It will be headed "human bones found."

The inmates of that house soon left. It was no longer a lucky house. The ghost of that murdered girl walked through every room. One, in particular, it never allowed any one to occupy. It is said that the ghost still haunts that house. It is still an unlucky house. The old harridan who kept it—well-known in that street when that girl was lost—went off to New Orleans, lost all her property, and then was lost herself. Camptown still lives. We saw him a few days ago in the very street where that girl was lost, noticed in the "Item" of yesterday. Has he any connection with her loss? Reader, there is a girl lost. Ask where and why? Rum and gambling can answer.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AUTUMN.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Oh, with what glory comes and goes the year!—
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.
There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the cluster'd trees
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillar'd clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved—
Where Autumn, like a faint old man sits down
By the way-side a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
That on wild cherry and cedar feeds,—
A winter bird,—comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch hazel; whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing floor the busy flail.

Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting place without a tear.

THE TURKISH WOMEN.—It is a mistake to imagine that the natives of the Turkish empire are wholly excluded from any friendly intercourse with the women of these countries—a tale which has gained credence and been perseveringly maintained by travellers, few of whom have ever had an opportunity of testing the truth of the report by personal experience.

Amongst the higher classes of the Greek persuasion in particular, every freedom exists in doors; young ladies not only show themselves, but, after serving the guest with coffee and sweetmeats, they will seat themselves on the edge of the divan, and soon manage to join in the conversation. This state of freedom exists to a greater or less degree till the young girl is betrothed; then it is not considered decorous that she should be present whenever her intended bridegroom visits the house, neither should she hear his name mentioned. Even amongst Turks, and more especially in the villages and smaller towns of Syria, the young Mahommedan sees and converses with the future object of his love until she attains her eleventh or twelfth year; she is then excluded from the society of men; but womanhood has already begun to develope itself in the girl of ten or eleven years old in these climates, where they are often wives and mothers at thirteen. Hence, love exists between the young couple before the destined bridegroom urges his mother to make the requisite proposals of marriage. He loses sight of his lady-love as soon as she enters upon womanhood, though he may, by means of a third party, catch an occasional glimpse of her features as she passes to and fro, strictly guarded by matrons and old duennas; but not a single word or one bewitching kiss can the despairing lover hope for until she is brought home to his house, his lawful consort and partner for life; then, and not till then, commences the great seclusion of the ladies of the Turkish harem. Even this feeling, in country places and villages, though the newly-married bride may be strictly guarded for a year or two, eventually wears off, and the women mix in the every-day occupations of the field or in the garden, unveiled and undistinguishable from their Christian neighbors.—*The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon.*

SUICIDE IN PARIS.—The capital correspondent of the Daily Times, Dick Tinto, in a late letter from Paris, thus ridicules the mania for committing suicide, which prevails in the French metropolis:

Three suicides day before yesterday! Two by women on account of gentlemen, and one by a man on account of a dog. A girl had been cured of a severe illness, by a celebrated physician; he refused to accept any compensation, whereupon she fell in love with him. She struggled for a long time with her passion, and at last made to the object of it. She then stabbed [illegible] from her wound, and then jumped out of a third story window, and broke her back-bone. The second, a married woman, was very fond of her husband. One morning, as he was going to his business, he asked her for a kiss; she refused, in order to be asked again, and perhaps chased round the room. He did not insist, however, and went away. The wife now began to think that she had been cruel; and the idea entered her head that her husband would be unable to bear the slight, and that he would throw himself into the Seine. She resolved not to survive him. She lighted two censers of charcoal, and when he returned at midnight, he found her breathing her last. He revived her, momentarily, and implored her to live. She consented; he rushed for a physician, and when he returned, she was dead. As for the man, I am ashamed to recount the ignoble circumstances of his death, after these heroic instances. He had cut off the ears and tail of his dog, and had been fined twenty-one francs for it. This sum he could not pay; the lady to whom he was engaged, had only twelve sous to spare; so, on the morning when the fine fell due, he hanged himself with his cravat. His betrothed, when she discovered him suspended behind the door, fell down stairs and sprained her ancle. The taste for self slaughter is decidedly on the increase. However, the season is nearly over. The Italian Opera opens, and suicides cease on the 1st of October. In London, it is just then that the Italian Opera closes, and that the suicides commence.

GOVERNED TOO MUCH.—Let any one, after duly watching the rapid revolution going on in England, where men have been comparatively little helped by governments, or better still, after contemplating the unparalleled progress of the United States, which is peopled by self-made men, and the recent descendants of self made men—let such an one, we say, go on to the Continent, and consider the relatively slow advance which things are there making; and the still slower advance they would make but for English enterprise. Let him go to Holland, and see that, though the Dutch early showed themselves good mechanics, and have had abundant practice in hydraulics, Amsterdam has been without any due supply of water, until now that works are being established by an English company. Let him go to Berlin, and there be told that, to give that city a water supply the project of an English firm is about to be executed by English capital, under English superintendence. Let him go to Paris, where he will find a similar lack, and a like remedy now under consideration. Let him go to Vienna, and learn that it, in common with other Continental cities, is lighted by an English gas company. Let him go on the Rhone, on the Loire, on the Danube, and discover that Englishmen established steam navigation on those rivers. Let him inquire concerning the railways in Italy, Spain, France, Sweden, Denmark, how many of them are English projects, how many of them have been largely helped by English capital, how many of them have been executed by English contractors, how many have had English engineers. Let him discover, too, as he will, that where railways have been government-made, as in Russia, the energy, the perseverance, and the practical talent developed in England and the United States, have been called in to aid.—*Westminster Review.*

EARLY RISING.—"Early rising," says Vivian, "is a virtue greatly esteemed in books, and very necessary—for others. It is not a virtue which distinguishes me. I am aware that the 'early bird gets the worm,' but I am not immoderately fond of worms. Are you? I want some keener motive to make early rising a practice. Not that the charm of dawn, such as they are, find in me an inappreciative observer. There is a positive fascination in the freshness and quiet, smiling gayety of dawn; the silence is brought into delightful distinctness by the sharpness of the few sounds which start out of it—the cawing of the distant rook, the crisp energy of the little birds, the bark of a dog, or the lowing of cattle. There is a magical influence in the air. The novelty of the sensation makes it delicious. But to enjoy early rising you must rise late; *then* you have the full, keen appetite for the newness of sensation which makes enjoyment healthy. You must not make early rising a debauch! Use it with rare and exquisite moderation."

I. H. S.—These letters are seen in the Catholic and Episcopal churches, and in the prayer-books of these sects. They are abbreviations of the Latin phrase—"Jesus Hominum Salvator," which signifies, "Jesus the Saviour of men." Some may ask why the letter I is used instead of J? Because formerly there was no letter J in the Roman alphabet; then I was used where J now is. Many of our readers can probably remember having seen the name of John spelled Iohn.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF THE GRAPE.

The medicinal properties of the grape are hardly well enough understood. They assist, by their diluting properties, in removing obstructions of the lungs, liver, kidneys, &c., and in all the protean forms which dyspepsia assumes, they are found highly efficacious. Dyspepsia and liver complaints have scarcely an existence in the vicinity of vineyards in the old country, except among the invalids from other parts, who resort to these localities to partake of this delightful remedy, to be cured of these maladies. It appears to bring about these important results by diluting the blood, and in this manner relieving the obstructions, and causing at the same time a greatly increased circulation in the *skin*. In fever, they may be used always with advantage, the juice being very invigorating and nutritious. In dysentery, likewise, they are said to be very efficacious, and in grape growing countries an unlimited freedom of the vineyard, during this disease, it is said, is attended with the best results.

But care should be taken that the fruit is perfectly ripe and sound, or it may prove as deleterious as, in a right condition, it is beneficial. The paper from which we quote says, they give vigor and great activity to feeble and delicate constitutions, and no other fruit causes so great a change in the feelings and strength of the aged, as well as those of the youth, as the well ripened grape, when taken in large quantities. They are antiseptic, and arrest a tendency to decomposition or mortification. They cool the blood, allay irritation, and act as a diluent, and thus remove obstructions of the vital system. Indeed, it is the prince of fruits, and divine inspiration places it even higher than it is held by those who ascribe to it all these virtues. Eat the grape for pleasure and health, and you will soon, in most cases, feel that you have an increased share of both.—*Exchange.*

SWEDENBORG UPON CALVIN.—The following is said to be from Swedenborg's account of what he witnessed in the next world:—

"Among others whom I repeatedly saw, was John Calvin. At his death it was some time before the angels could convince him that he had actually exchanged worlds; his followers were all confined in dungeons and caves, because they believed the doctrine of predestination; he himself was miserably lonesome, having none with whom he could associate; for a long time he hid himself in a dark corner—he next lodged in a house of harlots; and finally he was shut up in a cave with his followers, where they labored for their food, and made it their business and delight to quarrel and do each other mischief." Complimentary, isn't it?

For the Young.

CLOUDS.

Q. What produces the great *variety* in the *shape* of the *clouds*?

A. Three things: 1st.—The cause and manner of their *formation*.

2nd.—Their *electrical* condition; and

3rd.—Their relations to *currents of wind*.

Q. How can *electricity* affect the *shape* of *clouds*?

A. If one cloud be *full of electricity* and another *not*, they will be *attracted* to each other, and either coalesce—diminish in *size*—or vanish altogether.

Q. *What* clouds assume the most *fantastic* shapes?

A. Those that are the most *highly electrified*.

Q. What effect have *winds* on the *shape* of *clouds*?

A. They sometimes *absorb them entirely*; sometimes *increase their volume and density*; and sometimes *change the position of their parts*.

Q. How can *winds absorb clouds* altogether?

A. *Warm, dry winds* will convert the substance of clouds into *invisible vapor*, which they will carry away in their own current.

Q. How can *winds increase* the bulk and density of *clouds*?

A. *Cold* currents of wind will condense the *invisible vapor* of the air, and *add it to the clouds* with which they come in contact.

Q. How can winds *change* the *shape* of *clouds*, by altering the position of their parts?

A. Clouds are so volatile and light, that [illegible] their vesicles or bubbles.

Q. What are the general *colors* of the *clouds*?

A. White and gray, when the sun is *above the horizon*; but red, orange, and yellow, at *sunrise* and *sunset*.

The *blue sky* is not *cloud* at all.

Q. Why are the *last clouds* of *evening* generally of a *red* tinge?

A. Because *red* rays (being the *least refrangible* of all) are the *last to disappear*.

Q. What is meant by being "*less refrangible*"?

A. Being *less able to be bent*. Blue and yellow rays are more easily bent *below the horizon* by the resistance of the air; but red rays are not so much *bent down*; and, therefore, we see them later in the evening.

Q. Why are *morning clouds* generally of a *red* tinge?

A. Because red rays are the *least refrangible* of all; and not being *bent* so much as blue and yellow rays, we see them sooner of a morning.

Q. Why is not the color of clouds always *alike*?

A. Because their *size, density*, and *situation*, in regard to the sun, are perpetually varying; so that sometimes *one* color is reflected and sometimes *another*.

Q. What regulates the *motion* of the *clouds*?

A. Principally the *winds*; but sometimes *electricity* will influence their motion also.

Q. How do you know that *clouds* move by *other* influences besides *wind*?

A. Because (in calm weather) we often see *small clouds meeting each other* from opposite directions.

Q. How do you know that *electricity* affects the motion of the clouds?

A. Because clouds often meet from *opposite directions*; and, having discharged their opposite electricities into each other, *vanish altogether*.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 29, 7, is a beast of labor.
My 3, 14, 35, 17, is made of iron.
My 18, 17, 8, is an insect.
My 19, 22, 26, 30, 39, is a useful animal.
My 20, 40, 36, is a cardinal number.
My 4, 5, 6, 13, 12, when prepared, is used for writing.
My 20, 09, 38, is a girl's name.
My 9, 34, is a land spoken of in the Bible.
My 32, 31, 11, is used by schoolmasters.
My 15, 21, 20, 25, is a very good thing to have.
My 27, 37, 33, lived about the time of the Deluge.
My 1, 5, 4, 9, is a bird, the species now extinct.
My 8, 26, 17, 10, is part of a fork.
My 10, 17, 23, lives in the mud.
My whole is a celebrated Spanish gentleman and his companion, who had many most astounding adventures.
[illegible] Depot, Miss. HENRY CLAY H——

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 4, 11, 8, 18, is a point of the compass.
My 19, 3, 18, is a species of tree.
My 10, 10, 5, 17, is a [illegible].
My 9, 12, 8, 13, 20, is a bird.
My 11, 14, 7, is a shoemaker's instrument.
My 9, 16, 21, 8, is a small animal.
My 5, 2, 12, 22, is a river in America.
My 15, 20, 6, 22, is what we all ought to be.
My 18, 3, 1, 9, are used by fishermen.
My 8, 6, 15, 2, 13, is a girl.
My whole will be much frequented this fall.
Winchester, Tenn. D.

CHARADE.

The child of a peasant, Rose, thought it no shame
To toil at my first all the day;
But when Rose's father a farmer became,
My first to my second gave way.
Rose married a merchant, who took her to town,
To that eminent station preferred,
My first and my second were both thrown aside,
And she gave all her time to my third. F. F.

PROBLEM.

A General disposing his army into a square battalion, found he had 284 men remaining; but increasing each side with one soldier, he wanted 41 to fill the square. Of how many men did his army consist? H. C.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If I buy two apples for a half-penny, and give one of them away, why am I like a telescope? Ans.—Because I make a far-thing appear.

☞ What fruit are the merchant tailors constantly [illegible]? Ans.—[illegible]

☞ Why is a man eating soup with a fork like an [illegible]? Ans.—Because it takes so long to get enough of it.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
Do you want the Post published in pamphlet form?

RIDDLE.—[illegible]

PROBLEM.
41 guineas, 861 shillings, or £43, 1s. sterling.

Agricultural.

HOW SHALL WE PRESERVE EGGS?—This is the "*grand question*." We have in the course of our life tried all the expedients that have been recommended, and sometimes succeeded, and sometimes failed; from which results you will say it is no more than fair to conclude that none of the methods are infallible. We have learned one fact from these experiments. Eggs should be perfectly fresh when you begin to preserve them. If an egg has commenced, even but a very slight decomposition, it is difficult arresting it; indeed, we are inclined to think nothing short of freezing will do it. The following very simple plan we have never tried, and know nothing practically whether it be effectual or not. We found it in the *Farm Journal* quoted from the *English Agricultural Gazette*. We pass it over to our readers for their consideration.

Take a half inch board of any convenient length and breadth, and pierce it as full of holes (each 1½ inches in diameter) as you can. I find that a board two feet and six inches in length, and one foot wide, has five dozen in it, say twelve rows, of five each.

Then take four strips two inches broad and nail them together edgewise into a rectangular frame of the same size as your other board. Nail this board upon the frame and the work is done, unless you choose to nail a beading around the top.

Put your eggs on this board as they come from the poultry house, the small end down, and they will keep good for six months, if you take the following precaution: Take care that the eggs do not get wet, either in the nest or afterwards. (In summer, hens are fond of laying among the weeds and grass, and any eggs taken from such nests in wet weather, should be put away for immediate use.) Keep them in a cool room in summer, and out of the reach of frost in winter. If two boards be kept, one can be filling while the other is emptying.

The writer accounts for the preservation of eggs in this way by supposing that the yolk floats more equally in the white, and has less tendency to sink down against the shell, than when the egg is laid on one side—certainly, if the yolk touches the shell it spoils immediately.—*Maine Farmer.*

RAIN WATER AND CISTERNS.—The great mass of country residents seem to have no more conception of the enormous floods of clear, pure rain-water that annually pour off of the roofs of their dwellings, wood-houses, barns, sheds and other out-buildings, than if they had never heard of such a huge watering-pot as the clouds in the sky. If all the rain which falls in the Northern States within a year, should remain upon the surface of the earth, without sinking into or running off, it would form an average depth of water of about three feet. In the Southern States, it would be more; within the American tropics, it would amount to about ten feet; and near Bombay, in Asia, to twenty-five feet.

Every inch of rain that falls on a roof yields two barrels for each space ten feet square; and seventy-two barrels are yielded by the annual rain in this climate on a similar surface. A barn thirty by forty feet, yields annually 864 barrels—that is, enough for more than two barrels a day, for every day in the year. Many of our medium landholders have, however, at least five times that amount of roofing on their farmeries and dwellings, yielding annually more than four thousand barrels of rain water, or about twelve barrels, or one hundred and fifty ordinary pailfuls, daily. A very small portion of this great quantity is caught in the puny and contemptible cisterns and tubs placed to catch it; but full-sized, capacious reservoirs, fit to hold this downward deluge, we know not where to find, even in a single instance!

It is true, that where a constant draught is made on a cistern, it need not hold the full year's supply—even one-sixth part will, in general, answer, as the variations in the wet and dry seasons, do not often amount to more than the rain of two months. But allowing all this, where shall we find a cistern for a thirty-by-forty-feet barn that holds this sixth, or 170 barrels? Or one proportionately large, for a broader roof?—*Country Gentleman.*

DIGGING WELLS IN QUICKSAND.—A correspondent in the Genessee Farmer, who dates at Seneca Falls, New York, communicates the following valuable information in reference to the best mode of digging wells in quicksand, [illegible] both difficult and dangerous. He says:

"Thinking that it may be of importance to some of your readers, I will give some of my experience in digging wells in quicksand. My father was digging a well where the quicksand run in so bad that he was led to contrive some way to remedy the evil resulting from it. His plan is, (when you get down where the sand runs in so as to prevent working at advantage,) to make a platform to lay the wall on, out of plank by planing them together; place this on the bottom, and then lay a wall of good hard brick and water lime. When you get above where there will be any danger of the sand caving in, you can go on and dig the well as deep as you please and the wall will settle down as fast as you take out the sand under it. We have settled a well two feet after it had stood for years. I was led to send this from hearing of the difficulty they had in digging wells at Geneva."

VICIOUS CATTLE.—The common "vice" of jumping and throwing fences is *taught* to cattle, with scarcely an exception, by their owners and care-takers. Fences half down soon fall by the rubbing of cattle, and teach the first lesson, especially if cattle have any shrewdness in observing cause and effect, very fine feed, just over a poor fence, is the next lesson; letting down bars and rail fences to the halves, from laziness, so that the animal [has] to leap, is the third lesson—and this [illegible] often first, second, and third with [illegible] three lessons are usually enough, but a [fo]urth is often added, namely, placing on [an] additional rail on the fence each succe[ssive] day, as they become more skilful, [for] the ostensible purpose of keeping the[m] within bounds, but really operat[ing] as a most ingenious contrivance to [teach] the art of vaulting. We have heard of French being taught in six lessons; but very few animals require more than the above four to enable them to take "French leave" of any ordinary enclosure.—*Country Gentleman.*

TURNIPS.—Turnips may remain in the field till late. They are far less injured by frost than many are inclined to believe. It is very often the case that turnips are frozen into the ground, and on the frosts breaking up again in the course of a few days, are removed as hard [illegible] a succession of several weeks' warm weather, after a freezing night, adds as much to the weight and value of the crop, as they gained in twice the time before the advent of severe cold. A low temperature is favorable rather than adverse to the development of all the species of the turnip tribe. Cabbages grow rapidly in cold weather; hence the practice so prevalent at present of allowing them to remain out till snow falls. In packing turnips of all kinds, care should be taken to secure them effectually against the light and air. The more perfectly this is accomplished, the greater will be the certainty of their keeping well, and the more wholesome and nutritive will they be found, both for stock and for table use.—*New Eng. Farmer.*

TRAINING OF TREES.—The editor of the Horticultural Review, says:

"Trees with *low* heads do bear sooner and better, and will bear longer, than whip stalks and bean poles. In our prairies, low headed trees are the only ones that can hold up their heads, or hold on their fruit. They are naturally shaped *Fruit Bearers*, but they are miserably unpopular with that class of purchasers, who 'know more about trees than the men who raise them.' This is a most important subject; and fruit growers will never repent but once, if they prune their trees up high. Like most tyros we began so, too; and it has inflicted one perpetual sorrow upon us. The low tree is healthier, not subject to affections of the bark or insects, not injured by winds, the fruit is easier gathered; in fact, every *reason* is in favor of low growth. We now try to form a head not higher than three feet from the ground, for apples, letting the branches grow out."

IMPROVEMENT IN GRIST MILLS.—The Worcester Spy speaks of improvement in the manner of pecking mill stones by which their capacity for grinding can be doubled. The editor of the Spy saw it applied to a mill in Worcester, and the result of its application was that a bushel of Northern corn was ground in a minute and a half and that an old fashioned mill, with a single run of stones, with the improvement, will grind *forty-six bushels an hour*.

☞ The following is one of the toasts given at a celebration of the Fourth of July, out West: "American Youth—May their ambition reach as high as their standing collars."

The Olio.

GONE ASTRAY.—Cold words to fall on a loving heart—he has gone astray. And is this the time to desert him? This the time to taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only sear his soul? No! he passes under clouds; be his light now; perhaps he has no other.

Many a true heart, that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the charity of an unforgiving soul. Be careful how you freeze the first warm emotions of repentance. Beware lest those pleading words, unheeded, sting you in some shadowy vale of your future sorrow. Repentance, changed by neglect or unkindness, becomes like melted iron hardened in the mould; trifle with it never. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arms. Wipe the tear from his eye—pour the balm of consolation on the wound that guilt has made. Let your hearts be the grave for his transgressions, your pity find vent in bearing his burden, not in useless words. Oh, forgive the erring! Did not He who died on Calvary? Shield him from the contempt of grosser minds; make brightness and beauty where all was cloud and storm before in his sad life.

HOME MANAGEMENT.—Though the art of managing a house may seem at first sight a very simple affair, there are very few people who do it well. Most women do either too much or too little; and we think husbands generally dislike the worry of over-management almost as much as neglect. The great art is to hit the happy medium quietly, and to keep the servants to their duty without scolding them. It is a great point to live always in the same manner as regards style, and to have the cloth laid as carefully when alone as when there is company. When this is the case, no wife feels afraid of her husband bringing in an unexpected guest; and it is gratifying to a husband to find a guest of this kind received quietly; whereas, nothing can be more disagreeable to a husband than to see his house thrown into confusion, his wife cross, and his servants scrambling to change the things laid on the table; and, in short, everything going wrong, simply because he has asked a friend to dine, without giving a day or two's notice of his intention to do so. It would be in better taste to allow the stranger to sit down to a meal served as roughly as a country laborer's in a hovel, than to attempt to receive him with extempore finery, for the awkwardness and blunders of the servants will soon show him the real state of the case.

QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.—A sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales, the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in rapid succession the following difficult questions. The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and precision, our readers can judge for themselves:

What is the oldest of all things?
God—because He always existed.
What is the most beautiful?
The world—because it is the work of God.
What is the greatest of all things?
Space—because it contains all that is created.
What is the quickest of all things?
Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
What is the strongest?
Necessity—because it makes men face all the dangers of life.
What is the most difficult?
To know yourself.
What is the most constant of all things?
Hope—because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

"THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD."—Another decided hit among books was the "Wide, Wide World." The history of this work is no less curious. After it had for four or five years in vain sought a publisher, it was at length issued by Mr. Putnam of New York. It lay dormant for six months, and was almost given up for a bad case, when one day some critic in the Newark Advertiser, and another in the Christian Review, discovered that its simplicity and truthfulness were so remarkable, that they both pronounced it to be equal to the allegory of Bunyan—the Pilgrim's Progress. This coincidence of opinion struck upon the public ear as something very strange, and curiosity was readily aroused upon the subject. The work, moreover, had in it sufficient of the Evangelical [illegible] religious community—a class who do not avowedly indulge in the perusal of works of fiction, and the result has been an immense circulation for the book both in Europe and our own country. Over 200,000 copies have been sold in England alone of this book.—*City Item.*

A FACT FULL OF MEANING.—Here is the finest hit we have seen at the present popular distinction between religion and morals:

In a religious excitement, in Boston, a person met a Christian neighbor, who took him by the hand, and said—

"I have become a Christian."

"You are a Christian, then, all at once," said the other; "you profess to act strictly on Christian principles. I am glad of it, [and con]gratulate you. Suppose we now ha[ve] a [settle]ment of our little accounts [illegible] me what thou owest."

"No," said the new [illegible] of grace, "[business] is religion, and turning on his heel, [illegible] business is business." And what is there so [illegible]. So the paper [illegible] Is not the world full [of] very wond[erful] [illegible]?

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "MINISTER."—Mr. Edit[or]: In the course of my reading I have [stumbl]ed upon the "Curiosities of Literature," [in] which I find the following, at least curious account of the origin of a simple word:

"The Hall of the School of Equity at Poictiers, where the institutes were read, was called 'La Ministerie.' On which head, Flurimond de Remond, speaking of Albert Babinot, one of the first disciples of Calvin, after having said he was called 'The Good Man,' adds, that, because he had been a student of the Institutes at the Ministerie of Poictiers, Calvin and others styled him Mr. Minister from whence afterwards Calvin took occasion to give the name of Ministers to the pastors of his church."—*Christian Register.*

REMOVAL OF RINGS FROM FINGERS.—Dr. Newham, after alluding in the London Lancet to Dr. Castle's mode of removing a gold ring from a swollen finger, as described some weeks since, gives his own experience as follows:—

"The usual plan, I believe, is to divide the ring with nippers; but when the finger is too much swollen to allow of this, there is another plan, equally simple, and less alarming to the [illegible] well soaped, and wind it closely (and as tightly as can well be borne) from the apex of the finger till you reach the ring, then with the head of the needle or probe force the end of the twine through the ring and unwind; the ring will invariably come off with the twine."

MONSTROUS EXHIBITION.—Some of the papers are wondering what gives the public such a morbid taste for exhibitions of monstrous people, such as the woman who weighs 700 pounds and is so fat that her shadow makes a grease spot every time the sun shines at her; and the bearded woman; and the poor sick man who lies constantly in a lethargic sleep, etc. This morbid curiosity is "natur." Every one has read, or ought to have read, of the overture made by a ragged urchin to exhibit a diseased member to another urchin in consideration of some refreshment which he ardently desired. "Bill," said he, "if you'll give me a bite of that are apple, I'll show you my *sore toe!*"

For Housekeepers.

STEWED OYSTERS, No. 1.—Take one hundred large oysters, add to them a quarter of a pound of butter, with salt, black and red pepper to the taste. Stew *as fast as possible* for three minutes. Serve them hot.

STEWED OYSTERS, No. 2.—Rinse one hundred oysters, and put them in a stew-pan with the water which adheres to them; season them with salt and cayenne pepper, and a very little mace. As soon as they begin to boil pour in half a pint of cream, and stir in half an ounce of butter rolled in a little grated cracker. Let them boil once, and serve them hot.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—Take one hundred oysters out of their liquor, and add to them as much water as there was liquor. Put them over the fire, with salt to the taste, skim them, and as soon as they boil, take them off. Have ready in a pan one gill of vinegar, one table-spoonful of allspice, one table-spoonful of pepper grains, a little cayenne pepper and mace, half a gill of pepper vinegar, and half a gill of common vinegar. They should be pickled the day before they are to be eaten. After standing a few hours, if a scum should have risen on them, take out the oysters, and strain the liquor. About six hours before they are to be served, slice a lemon and add to them.—*National Cook Book.*